From Mill To Mission Field

DAVID DOWNIE

Central BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

FROM THE MILL TO THE MISSION FIELD

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

https://archive.org/details/frommilltomissio0000davi

DR. DAVID DOWNIE

FROM THE MILL TO THE MISSION FIELD

An Autobiography of

DAVID DOWNIE

A Missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society for Fifty-five Years, and Designated to Nellore, the Original Station of the "Lone Star Mission" in South India

PHILADELPHIA

THE JUDSON PRESS

BOSTON CHICAGO LOS ANGELES
KANSAS CITY SEATTLE TORONTO

LIBRARY
CENTRAL BAPTIST SEMINARY
KANSAS CITY 2, KANSAS

Copyright, 1928, by
ANNIE HERSHEY DOWNIE

Published February, 1928

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

3297

922.6548
D751

FOREWORD

Dr. David Downie, veteran missionary of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, successor of Jewett, of the Telugu Mission, died in Pasadena, California, July 19, 1927. Beautiful indeed were the closing days of this missionary's life. He had completed his long service in India in March; had arrived in America and met his friends in New York; traveled comfortably to Pasadena, where he was at home with his daughter, son-in-law, and grandchildren; and then, with only one day's illness, he journeyed on to meet his Master.

John E. Clough at Ongole and David Downie at Nellore were for more than a generation the two dominant figures in the South India Mission. Three months after his arrival at Nellore Doctor Downie was appointed Mission Treasurer, and for more than forty-one years he held this important and difficult position, which gave him a leading place in the administration of the Telugu Mission. In the terrible famine of 1876-78, in which three million people perished, Doctor Downie was appointed Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Nellore District Famine Relief Committee. During the two years of the famine one hundred thousand dollars of the London Mission House Fund for the relief of the famine sufferers passed through his hands. In Madras last March, just before sailing, he was deeply moved when two of our leading Baptist Telugu men, whom as boys he had taken into his home in famine

days, came from Nellore to Madras to say goodbye to Doctor and Mrs. Downie, the only father and mother they had known for nearly half a century. In 1915, after forty-two years of service in Nellore, Doctor Downie was transferred to beautiful Coonoor in the hill-country of India where he continued to live, doing literary work, until he returned to America last March.

No missionary has ever given to me as foreign secretary more hearty support, nor been of greater inspiration to me than this veteran from the Telugu field. He was a careful student in matters of mission administration, and one of the most forward-looking men in the Telugu Mission. All through his life Doctor Downie had taken a vital interest in all matters of denominational policy and progress. In a letter to the foreign secretary, sent from Pasadena on June 27, he wrote vigorously in regard to a proposal of the South India Mission Conference and then added:

"In view of the conditions in China and India and the reports that must have reached the Convention [the Northern Baptist Convention meeting in Chicago], I am a bit disappointed that the great Convention in Chicago did not rise in its strength and pledge the men and money to carry out the board's program and avoid either a cut or delay in sending out men and women who are ready to go and who are so urgently needed. That, it seems to me, would have done more to unite the denomination than any scheme to reduce work at home or on the mission field, and, better still, it would have honored and gratified the heart of our blessed Lord in that it

would hasten the glad day when he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied."

Doctor Downie was for many years the editor of the *Baptist Missionary Review of India,* and had done a large amount of literary work. His most notable works, perhaps, were the *History of the Telugu Mission,* published in 1893, *The Lone Star,* published in 1924, and *Reminiscences of Forty-eight Years in the Lone Star Telugu Mission.* At the time of his death he was writing his autobiography, *From the Mill to the Mission Field.*

When Doctor Downie opened the Baptist Telugu Mission Conference in Nellore on December 28, 1926, with a devotional service, he called attention to the fact that he was standing on practically the precise spot where he made his first address in India fifty-three years before. When he began his service the Telugu Mission had three stations—Nellore, Ramapatnam, and Ongole—and eight workers. He saw it grow to twenty-nine stations, with 130 missionaries, and a total church-membership of 88,489.

In all of his missionary labors Doctor Downie has had the devoted and untiring support and aid of Mrs. Downie. Three of their daughters returned to India as missionaries: Annie, who died in Nellore in 1901; Alice, who became the wife of Dr. J. W. Stenger, formerly of Ongole, South India; and Minnie, who became the wife of Rev. S. W. Stenger, now stationed in Madras, South India.

In all the fields of the Foreign Mission Society Doctor Downie was looked upon as an outstanding missionary, a real leader, a wise, forward-looking man of high character and sturdy faith. He was an

honored friend of the highest British officials of the Indian Empire, and was known and respected by missionaries of other denominations, and dearly loved by our Baptist missionaries and the Telugu Christians. The memory of this veteran missionary, who served his Master for more than fifty years, is a rich heritage to the denomination. We Baptists should take heed to his last message to us at the Chicago Convention: "Opportunities and responsibilities in India and the entire non-Christian world demand that the denomination go forward."

J. C. ROBBINS,
Foreign Secretary.

Reprinted from *The Watchman-Examiner.*

CONTENTS

PART I

FROM THE MILL TO THE MISSION FIELD

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	Boyhood Days	3
II.	College Days	10
III.	The Call to Service	17
IV.	Early Days in India	25
V.	First Furlough, and Second Term	34
VI.	A Happy Vacation and Stirring Times	41
VII.	India for the Fourth Time	47
VIII.	Fourth Furlough, Visit to South Africa	52
IX.	Life at Coonoor, Fifth Furlough, Golden Wedding	58
X.	The Golden Jubilee	63
XI.	The Close of a Long Service	75
XII.	The Translation	90

PART II

TRIBUTES

I.	Letters from Friends in America	103
II.	Tributes from Members of the Family	116
III.	Letters from Our Indian Sons and Daughters	131
IV.	Letters from Friends Made in India	142
V.	From Missionary Friends Now Retired	156
VI.	From the Missionaries in the Telugu Mission	167
VII.	An Appreciation, David Downie	188

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

OPPOSITE PAGE

Dr. David Downie ..... *Frontispiece*

Nellore Bungalow 24

The Annual Missionary Conference, Telugu Baptist Conference, Nellore, January 1, 1921 48

Dr. and Mrs. David Downie—Taken on Their Golden Wedding Day, November 21, 1922. 56

The Downie Golden Wedding, Nellore, November 21, 1922 60

Doctor and Mrs. Downie and Mrs. Strong, Nellore Missionaries and Indian Christians .. 68

Doctor Downie Laying the Corner-stone of the Chaplin House for Boys 72

The Stenger-Downie Family 120

A Picture of a Model of the Nellore Compound. 140

PART I

FROM THE MILL TO THE MISSION FIELD

I

BOYHOOD DAYS

My paternal ancestors were Highlanders and belonged to the Clan Fraser, the battle-cry of which was "Castle Downie." The name Downie comes from the word "Duna," meaning a camp or fortified dwelling. The coat of arms is a wild boar's head and the crest is a fighting cock. The origin of the name and the coat of arms and crest would seem to indicate that the Downies were a fighting race, but that trait disappeared long before my time.

My father was born in Stirling and wore the kilt in his boyhood. My mother's maiden name was Jean MacMeakin and was born in Stranraer, Wigtonshire. The name would seem to indicate that she also was of Highland stock, though born in the South. Where father and mother first met, I do not know, though it was probably in Glasgow. At all events it was there where I first got acquainted with them.

I was born in that part of Glasgow called the Gorbals, on the south side of the river Clyde. Tradition says that that event took place on July 29, 1838, just 88 years ago. I was the youngest of ten children, four of whom died before I was born. There were three Davids in the family, father and a David before me. When I was christened David, they say that I loudly protested, not against the name, but the manner of giving it. That may have been prophetic, for the time came, as we shall see,

that I protested in a better and more emphatic manner, both as to the subject, object, and manner of administering it.

At this time my father was a maker of patent mangles, of which he was the inventor. He had some inventive genius, but did not know how to turn it to his advantage. For example, when side-wheeled steamers came into use, he said, " Aye, thae hae got the fins, but thae mon hae the tail as weel," by which he evidently had the idea of the propeller.

There were no public schools in Glasgow, in my day, at least not in our neighborhood so I was sent to a private one. I was not very fond of school. I preferred wandering about the country or roaming along the Broomelaw watching the ships and sometimes looking for an opportunity to stow myself away in one, bound for some foreign land. Hence I was often absent from school " without leave." So at a rather early age I was taken from school and put to work.

My first work was in a cotton-mill. I was what was called an " ingear " or ingiver. That is one who " gives in " the threads of the warp to a man who draws it through heddles and gives the pattern to the cloth. (One day before leaving India I was visiting the Coimbatore Mills and suddenly came to a boy who was doing exactly the same thing, and our friend told us that that was the only piece of work in the mill that was still done by hand. There was no machinery for it.) But this work did not suit me very well. The pay was only two shillings and sixpence a week. My next work was in a large loan office on much better pay. Here I saw a phase

of life not often seen elsewhere. However, I remained several years, and when I left to go to America my employer presented me with the first watch I ever owned.

In 1851 my father emigrated to America, and the following year my mother, sister, and I followed. We sailed from Liverpool in the sailing ship Sardinia. It took us seven weeks and three days to cross the Atlantic. We were three days on the Banks of Newfoundland and caught some fine, large fish. The voyage was so much longer than was expected, that we were put on a short allowance of water. We reached New York in August, 1852. Here we stayed a little while visiting friends. To my surprise and annoyance, the boys picked me out as a Scot, and dubbed me "Scottie." I never was ashamed of being a Scot, but I made up my mind that if it was my speech that "bewrayed" me I would soon get rid of that. But I never lost the ability to recall the Scotch accent at any moment.

From New York we moved to South Norwalk, Conn. For a short time we boarded with a Mrs. Reynolds who lived at a place called Ealy's Neck about a mile from the town and about the same distance from Long Island Sound. I spent a good part of my time at the Sound. Here I learned to swim, row a boat, fish, and dig clams. Later I learned the use of carpenter's tools and soon got work, building picket fences at fifty cents a day.

While we were in Norwalk a terrible accident occurred to the New York and Boston Express. Between the station and the river there is a sharp bend, and the engineer failed to see the signal show-

ing that the drawbridge was open. The train came along at full speed and plunged into the river. Fifty people were killed and drowned, and many were injured. I saw the fifty dead bodies laid out in the engine-house.

After about a year in Norwalk we moved down to New York. We had a friend there who was a builder. I started in with him to become a carpenter. He handed me over to a "job" or "piece worker" who got all he could out of me but taught very little. That did not quite suit me, and as I had a natural inclination for a mercantile life, I soon got a situation in a retail hardware store on Fifth Avenue near Thirty-fourth Street. It was here that I got my first lessons in bookkeeping. It did not occur to me then that I was being prepared for the office of a Mission Treasurer, yet such was the fact as we shall see later on. Also it was here that the greatest event of my life occurred.

When we came to New York, we attended the Scotch Reformed Presbyterian Church on Twenty-eighth Street. I was a member of a young men's Bible class in the Sunday school. One day the pastor came into the class and said that some of us were old enough to join the church, and invited us to meet him at the session and be examined with a view to joining the church. That set me to thinking. Was I fit for church-membership? I thought not. Besides, just then my mother, sister, and brother-in-law had been attending a little Baptist church near where we lived and had been converted to the Baptist faith. There was a very precious revival going on in the church, and I was induced to attend one of the

meetings. That night my brother-in-law rose in the meeting and told the people he believed I was under conviction and asked the people to pray for me. That made me mad, and I got up and left the church slamming the door behind me, and determined that I would never enter that church again. But all the same I was there the next night. I took a seat near the door. By-and-by a member of the church came along and invited a number of people to go up front and be prayed for. But he passed me by, though I wanted to go and went of my own accord. The man that prayed for me was a fireman. Firemen were not as a rule very religious and were often spoken against, but from that night I could never hear with patience a word said against firemen. I loved that man for his prayer for me.

Meantime word got about among my friends in the Presbyterian church that I was becoming a Baptist. I had never but once been in a Baptist church and that was in Glasgow, and that once did not give me a very exalted idea of Baptists. But when the Presbyterians attacked me as they did, first my Bible teacher, then members of the class, then our pastor, it awakened in me the old Downie spirit which I thought had all passed away, and I fought. The more they discussed the more I was convinced that the Baptists were right.

One day while sitting at my desk, I had the experience of my life referred to above. Of course, I knew that in a way Jesus Christ died for men, generally. But that day it suddenly dawned on me that Christ *died for me! For me!* The thought so excited me that I jumped down from my seat and

literally danced for joy. That night when I closed the store, I ran up to the little Baptist church at Forty-third Street, and told the people that I had seen Jesus dying on the Cross *for me.* That was the beginning of my very happy Christian life. When I told my experience with a view to baptism and membership in the church, they said I spoke a half hour and at the close was asked only one question. I was baptized on March 30, 1855, by the Rev. Edwin Clay, M. D., of Prince Edward Island, N. B. The next Sunday I, with thirty-two others, was received into the fellowship of the Bloomingdale Baptist Church.

That was the beginning of three years of uninterrupted peace. I became active in all the worship and business of the church. Although only a mere boy I was sent as a delegate to the ordaining council of Kingman Knott, Pastor of the First Baptist Church of New York. I was also sent as a delegate to the New York Baptist Association which met that year at Greenfield, L. I. Those were happy days, but better and happier were to come. I was also once nominated for deacon, but failed in election for want of a sufficient number of votes by the good sense of the large majority of the people.

After two years in the retail business, I got a situation as junior clerk in a wholesale hardware store at 5 Platt Street, afterward 83 Beakman Street, in the lower part of the city. My employer was Thomas Douglass and was a member of a Presbyterian Church in Brooklyn. Soon after we moved to Beakman Street, I assisted in fitting up six cases of steel squares and mortise chisels for the Crystal Palace

Exhibition in New York, the first exhibition of the kind ever held in America. It followed close after the Paris exhibition.

After I had been with Mr. Douglass about two years, I intimated to his brother, Mr. Charles Douglass, that an increase in my pay would be welcome. He asked me how much I was getting. I told him, and to my surprise and gratification, he told me that it had been increased a year before, and that a considerable sum was at my credit.

II

COLLEGE DAYS

In 1857 there came a great financial crisis in the United States, which caused the failure of a great number of business men. Among them was my employer. This threw me out of employment with little prospect of getting a situation. Meantime the great revival of 1858 broke out which spread practically all over the country. Being out of employment, I had a good opportunity of attending a good many of the meetings. I shall never forget one I attended in the Bowery Theater. It was packed from pit to top gallery. Henry Ward Beecher was the principal speaker, and made a deep impression on my mind.

Soon after my conversion, I had a very decided conviction that God was calling me to the ministry and especially to the mission field. When I was a small boy I heard Alexander Duff, the pioneer educational missionary to India. It was during his first furlough. Although I could not recall a single word he said, I think an impression was made on my mind which, though effaced, was revived soon after my conversion. My pastor at this time was Rev. W. Hollman, a grand preacher of the real sort, but with some peculiar views. I opened my mind to him on the subject of my call to the ministry. He said, " You know, Brother Downie, that I believe any man who is to preach *can* preach, and my pulpit is open

to you any day you like." That may be good theology, but to me it seemed absurd for a boy who had had but a primary education and not much even of that, to preach to an intelligent congregation. I consulted other ministerial friends who strongly advised my getting an education, yet no way seemed to open for getting it.

As I was out of work and none in prospect, I got a kit of carpenter tools and seemed to hear Horace Greely say, "*Go West, young man, go West.*" So with another young man who was in a similar position I started West. We set out on an immigrant train and stood it as far as Niagara, but could stand it no longer, so we paid the difference and went on a regular passenger train to Chicago. My objective was Davenport, Iowa. Still we tried to find work in Chicago but could find none, so we pushed on to Rock Island. Here my friend got quite discouraged and pleaded with me to sell our tools and go back to New York. You see, he was married secretly, the night before we left New York, and the poor chap was pretty homesick. He went back, but I crossed the river to Davenport. I found a boarding-place, and soon after I got a job at $1.25 per day as a sort of half-fledged carpenter.

I found two Baptist churches in Davenport, the First and the Calvary. The latter was the popular church, but the old First was the most needy. Their house of worship was still unfinished, and they worshiped in the vestry. So I was led to cast my lot with them. At the first meeting I attended, the deacon led the meeting for they had no pastor. The deacon gave out a hymn and said, " Brother Downie,

will you raise the tune?" I raised the tune and kept on raising the tunes till we got a choir. We gathered together a few members who could sing and soon had a very good choir. Later we got an organ and by-and-by a pastor—Rev. George W. Folwell. Meantime the revival spirit reached Davenport, and we had a work of grace in which some fifty were hopefully converted. That was a very blessed experience for me. When the fall came the work I was at was finished, so I proposed going back to New York. But the church wanted to keep me, and one of the deacons induced me to stay, work in his shop, and live in his family. He was a carriage-builder, and while I was with him I built four sleighs and a huge wagon to carry miner's lanterns, etc., to Pike's Peak.

In the spring of 1859 I returned to New York and reunited with the Bloomingdale Church, the pastor of which was Robert Lowry, D. D. After a year in New York I moved to Boston where my people were then living. I united with the Ruggles Street Baptist Church, the pastor of which was Dr. A. S. Patton. When I told him of my desire to enter the ministry, he invited me to begin study at once with him. He gave me a corner of his study and started me off with Neander's *Planting and Training*. That was the first open door I had seen to the place I had been seeking for three years. When Doctor Patton was called to Watertown, Mass., he asked me to go with him. I was received into the family and treated as a son. The kindness shown to me by Doctor and Mrs. Patton is a very precious legacy to me.

Doctor Patton got me permission to enter the Watertown high school as a special student. I could

not take the regular course, but the principal gave me a thorough drill in Latin and Greek, so that later on I was able to enter the senior class of Pearce Academy, from which I graduated second in my class. The other member was first. We two presented ourselves for admission to Newton Theological Institution. He was admitted, but Dr. Horatio B. Hackett advised me to go to Andover and take a year in Greek under Doctor Taylor. I took his advice. Our next-door neighbor in Watertown, Mr. Jesse A. Locke, had a son in the high school who did not get on well with the principal. So Mr. Locke decided to send his son to Andover if I would look after him. We were both admitted to the middle class, the class of 1865. When we got to Andover I found that if I stayed only one year I would be required to pay the full fees, but if I stayed and graduated I could have the fees remitted as a ministerial student. So that I could have the two years and graduate about as cheaply as to take one year, and that is what I did.

About the middle of the senior year I received a letter from a friend, Mr. Leonard Richardson of the firm of Renolds, Devoe and Pratt of New York, enclosing fifty dollars and asking me to call on him in the vacation. I did so and to my surprise he told me that he and Mr. Locke had been talking about the desirability of my going to college. He said that they had written to Doctor Taylor about it, and he had replied that by all means I should go to college. I said that I had never intended to go to college, was too old, and saw no way of meeting the expense. Both of these objections were overruled, and they

made it so very easy for me that I would seem to be running against Providence if I refused.

At the beginning of the senior year at Andover, because I had no intention of going to college I requested to be excused from mathematics. This was granted, to my deep regret when it was finally decided that I should go. So I was under the necessity of employing a student in the Theological Seminary to coach me in algebra.

Commencement at Phillip's Academy was a big affair, equal to many a college commencement. We had Wendell Phillips as orator, and Gillmore's band from Boston supplied the music. I was not far enough up in my class to get an oration, but I got the next best thing, the English dialogue. The great Civil War having ended I chose as my subject " The Evacuation of Richmond." I had associated with me twelve of my classmates. There were four scenes: First, General Breckinridge's Office; second, General Grant's Headquarters; third, General Lee and Jefferson Davis discussing the evacuation of Richmond; fourth, Jubilation of the Negroes. I represented General Ewell and had a hot discussion with General Wigfall. I got so excited in the discussion that it was said my eyes fairly flashed fire. In the closing scene I was one of the Negroes, and here too I got so excited at the close of the singing " The Year of Jubilee " that I jumped to the front of the platform and danced a Negro breakdown. That was the only thing in the whole entertainment that brought down the house, reminding one of the proverb, "A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men." Doctor Taylor paid me a compliment of

which I was very proud. He said, " Your speaking reached the very highest point of perfection."

John Locke and I entered Brown University in the class of 1869. The class consisted of thirty-eight men, of whom I think I was the oldest. I had just passed my twenty-seventh year. That in some respects was a handicap. But if it be true that a man is just as old as he feels I was as much of a boy as the youngest. It was such a surprise to be conditioned in mathematics, and at first it was so reported, but I was not. I had to work harder than the average student because my early education had been so sadly neglected. Perhaps I appreciated my advantages more than younger men. At all events I succeeded in graduating about the middle of my class and secured a place on the commencement program. The class of '69 was the last class in Brown University to have commencement at the beginning of the college year. Our class graduated on September 1, 1869. It was very awkward to finish the college year in June and return to commencement in September.

The four years I spent in Providence were happy years to me. I joined the old Roger Williams First Baptist Church. That was the church that the president and some of the professors attended. I was superintendent of one of their mission schools, a work I enjoyed very much. Professor John Lincoln was superintendent of the home school. Doctor Caldwell was pastor in my time. He was an able preacher though rather too scholarly to suit some.

In what was known in Boston as " The Boston Store " I had three friends who wanted to start busi-

ness for themselves. In my freshman year one of these friends called on me and told me their story, and asked me if I thought that a store such as they proposed to open would succeed. I said I would inquire. Providence at that time was a very conservative old town. There was an old-fashioned store on Main Street which most of my friends thought was good enough for them. Still I advised my friends to come. Just then there was a block of stores in course of erection on Westminster Street, the chief business street of the city. My friends at once engaged two of them and in a few months began a business that revolutionized the business of Providence, and secured for all three of the firm an independent fortune. That was the firm of Callender, McAuslan, and Troup. When Mr. Troup died he left me a sum of money which was exactly the amount with which I purchased Woodhouselee, in Coonoor, Nilgiri Hills, India.

When I graduated from Brown I had no money for the seminary course, so I borrowed some from the firm above mentioned and went to Newton Theological Seminary. In my examination for entrance I mentioned the fact that I did not at first intend to go to college on account of my age. Doctor Pepper replied, "Brother, you saved time by going." That sounded strange to me then, but afterward I found it was quite true.

III

THE CALL TO SERVICE

I spent only one year at Newton. The severe winter was too much for me, and I contracted nasal catarrh which, like the poor, has been with me ever since. So I left Newton and went to Rochester. Some years before that I was advised by my dear old friend Doctor Kennard that if I went to a theological seminary, not to go to Rochester, for Doctor Robinson, the president, was not sound in doctrine. I think maybe that was one reason why I wanted to go. I knew he was a great teacher and I wanted to see for myself about the heresy. The chief complaint was that he believed that the divine in Christ died on the cross. What I found was that Doctor Robinson believed and taught that the whole *person,* the whole Christ, died on the cross, and hence we have a Divine Saviour. If only the human died, then we have only a human Saviour. I thought then and still think that is sound theology. When I first met Doctor Robinson I thought he was cold and heartless. I soon learned differently. I learned to love him. I have had many able teachers, but among them all I give Doctor Robinson the first place.

From the beginning of my preparations for the ministry I had the foreign field in mind. When a small boy I heard the great Alexander Duff, the pioneer of educational missions in India. I think he must have made an impression on my young mind,

though it soon vanished. When in business in New York my employer came to me one day and said: "David, here is a missionary who is going out to India and must build his own house. So he wants some tools and hardware. Take him around the store and give him what he wants." The missionary told me much about missions, and I told him I would like to go with him. Then when I moved to Boston I used to go into the rooms in Bedford Street where I met dear old Doctor Warren, and, now and then, a missionary.

In my middle year at Rochester I received a letter from Doctor Murdoch asking me to omit the senior year and go out at once to Burma, as there was a man needed there to relieve Doctor Haswell. I consulted Doctor Robinson who thought it would not be wise. That was just the advice I wanted, and so I declined the call. But I had no notion of giving up foreign-mission work.

In my senior year in the Seminary, I was the student pastor of the Lake Avenue Mission of the First Baptist Church. It was during my pastorate that the mission was formed into a church. At first there was great opposition to the formation of the church. Doctor Robbins, pastor of the First Church, was bitterly opposed to it. I called on him one day to talk over the matter, and he told me that I could preach all I wanted to but on no account was there to be a church. But Deacon Edwin Wayte and I decided that there should be a church, and I think God did too, for a church was organized. At the meeting for the purpose Mr. Crandall said, "Brother Downie, we do not think you are quite big enough

to be our pastor, but we will make you church clerk." Thus I became the church clerk of what is now one of the largest and most flourishing churches in Rochester. One of my predecessors in that work was Robert S. McArthur.

In 1872 four very important events of my life occurred. First, I received a call from the Baptist church in Monroeville, Ohio. I had several times heard it said that missionaries went to the foreign field because they could not get on at home. I wanted to see if that was my case, so I accepted the call. Second, I graduated from the Seminary in the class of that year, which was the last class taught by Doctor Robinson, he having accepted the presidency of Brown University. Third, I went to Philadelphia to visit the family of Doctor Kennard and while there made the acquaintance of a young lady, the daughter of Daniel Hershey, M. D., and wife. She attracted me and I thought she would make just the sort of wife I needed and wanted. And that is how it turned out. Six months later we were married in the old Tenth Church in Philadelphia where Doctor Kennard was the much-loved pastor for so many years. It took three ministers to marry us—a Baptist, a Presbyterian, and an Episcopalian. The knot must have been tied very tightly for after fifty-four years it gives no signs of loosening. Fourth, in the winter of that year Doctor Gardiner, then Home Secretary of the Missionary Union, came to Ohio to hold a missionary convention. It was held at Elyria, not far from Monroeville, so we decided to attend. On the way I asked my wife what she would say if I felt inclined to offer myself to the foreign

field. She replied, "I would like it," which seemed to settle the matter. I had satisfied myself that I could succeed at home, so that objection was gone. We stayed at the pastor's house. There was a little boy there they called "Sammie." Mr. Bawden, his father, said to me, "That little boy was dedicated to foreign-mission work from his birth." He is now our big missionary at Kavali, South India. I went to Boston to meet the Executive Committee, as it was then called, and after examination was accepted February 25, 1873.

I returned to Monroeville and immediately resigned my pastorate as my people expected I would do, for they had more than suspected why I had gone to Boston. There was a man ready to take my church whom the people would like to have, and I did not wish to hinder their getting him. My salary as a missionary would not begin until I arrived on the field, and of course my church salary stopped at once. So we spent the summer, and our outfit money, visiting the churches and friends until August.

We sailed from New York on the steamship California for Glasgow, August 23, 1873, and arrived there September 3. We had a stormy voyage and were glad to be once more on terra firma. Mrs. Downie was not very well so we took the first hotel we could find, the Rainbow, situated at the corner of Bridge Street. We had a corner room and were greatly interested in watching the crowds of people crossing the Broomelaw Bridge. It was a great pleasure to me to be once more in my native city. Of course I visited the house where I was born and was some-

what disgusted to find it had been turned into a junk-shop. I also hunted some of my relatives who were still living. We visited my uncle and aunt in Stranraer. Uncle Main was still the principal of the high school and elder in the church. Their meal-times were breakfast at eight, dinner at two, tea at six, and supper at nine. The supper consisted of oatmeal cakes, cheese, and hot whiskey toddy. My wife was much amused when Uncle Main devoutly asked a blessing on " these creature comforts."

After a short stay in London we sailed for India on the S. S. Othello of the Wilson Line. We had a pleasant voyage until we got into the Red Sea when we had some rough weather and narrowly escaped running on to the island of Sacotra. We landed at Colombo and stayed there three days. We were the guests of Mr. A. M. Ferguson, editor of the *Ceylon Observer*. We had a delightful visit with him and his family. Resuming our voyage we celebrated our first anniversary when three days out from Colombo, and reached Madras on the 25th of November. Our steamer anchored about a mile from the shore. There was no harbor at Madras in those days. The northeast monsoon was on, and landing was difficult. We went ashore in a Masulla boat. When we neared the shore two of the boatmen jumped out, grabbed us, and carried us ashore. It was not a very pleasant way of landing. We were recommended to Mrs. Eaton's boarding-house, now the Clarence Hotel, and we stayed there for some ten days. Rev. N. Canakiah, Doctor Jewett's head catechist, came down from Nellore to meet us and conduct us to Nellore. He came out to the steamer

to assist us, but we had first of all to assist him. He got fearfully seasick coming to the ship. We spent most of the ten days in Madras purchasing furniture and other necessaries for housekeeping. Finally Canakiah came and announced that all was ready for the start. He had given us the choice of the routes, first half the way by canal, and the other half by road in bullock-carts; or all the 108 miles by road in bullock-carts. To avoid changing halfway up we chose the latter. What a caravan it was! Five country carts and five pairs of bullocks. One cart for ourselves, one for Canakiah, and three for our belongings. At first it seemed rather nice; a cart full of straw and beds on top made a very comfortable way of traveling. But later on we discovered that the straw was not for our beds alone. The bullocks had to be fed, and before we got to Nellore our mattresses were well down on the axles. It took us five nights and four days to get to Nellore, 108 miles. After we had gone about twenty miles we halted at a traveler's bungalow. We expected to find the bungalow furnished with crockery, but there were no plates. So we had to eat our curry and rice on "chupatties," a large flat cake made of flour and water. After we had eaten our curry and rice our boys ate the plates. We were fearfully tired before we reached Nellore. Ten miles from Nellore we met Doctor Jewett's democrat wagon and pony to bring us in. We arrived about three o'clock in the morning of December 10, 1873. Dear old Doctor Jewett met us at the door in his pajamas and greeted us with, "Well, well, here you are at last, and what shall I say?" I said,

"Doctor Jewett, the best thing you can say to us is 'Go to bed,' for we are very tired." So we went to bed and slept soundly for several hours.

When we got up and had breakfast, we had a joyous welcome from the Nellore Christians. The preachers had come in from the villages, and one of them was so overjoyed that he literally took me up in his arms and thanked God for our safe arrival.

Ordinarily the first business of a new missionary is to get the language. There was no rule governing language study in those days, as there is now. But even then it was generally understood to be the chief work for the first year. So after getting settled in our new home, we got a *munshi* (a native teacher) and began the study of Telugu. But in less than a month my study was badly interrupted. Doctor Jewett was about to go on furlough, so on the first of January he turned over to me the care of his large field, then three or four times as large as it is now. And learning that I had had some years of business life in New York and judging me well qualified for the office of Mission Treasurer, he wrote home to the Board recommending my appointment to that office. I accepted the office and held it for forty-one years. Within three months from the time we landed I was in charge of the large Nellore field and the Mission Treasury. This was a serious handicap in getting the language. I preached my first sermon in Telugu about three years after our arrival, and for some time I preached on the Sunday-school lesson every Sunday. I had a good grammatical knowledge of the language, but my other duties kept me from getting a large vocab-

ulary. My treasury work prevented me also from touring as much as the ordinary missionary usually does. That is the most fascinating work a missionary has to do. My field was large. I once made a calculation that it would take three years to cover the field and preach once in every village and hamlet. But that was before the days of automobiles.

NELLORE BUNGALOW

Where Doctor and Mrs. Downie Lived for Over Forty-two Years and Where Their Four Daughters and Two Grandchildren Were Born

IV

EARLY DAYS IN INDIA

In 1874 Nellore was deluged. The northeast monsoon was unusually heavy. Both the great Tank and the river banks were breached. For three days the town was divided by the flood. Two branches swept through our compound washing away our native houses and so damaging the school and chapel that they had to be torn down. Our native people, who lived next to the compound, waded through the water to the bungalow bringing all their belongings with them, including their live stock, goats, fowls, etc. We had curry for one breakfast made of fish caught in the compound. The Collector of the District gave a man ten rupees to swim the river and see how we on the other side were faring, but the poor man was drowned.

At first the destruction of our buildings seemed like a great calamity, and so it was, but it turned out for our good. It was the means of our securing the splendid set of new and substantial buildings which we were enabled to erect. First, a new Girls' School. Then the Chapel, afterward the Boys' School, and finally the Bucknell Memorial High School for Girls. But all that took several years.

Following the flood came a dreadful siege of cholera, smallpox, an earthquake, and in 1876-78 the Great Famine, which carried off over three millions of people. I have given in my history of the

mission a detailed account of this great calamity. I simply mention here a brief statement regarding my part in it.

When it was evident that a famine was impending, a General Relief Committee was formed in Madras, and an appeal was made, chiefly to England, for aid. In London there was formed what was called "The Mansion House Fund." From this and other sources the Madras Committee received *seven millions of rupees.* To distribute this money, committees were formed in all the Districts of the affected area. In Nellore a committee was formed with the Collector of the District as chairman, and I was appointed secretary and treasurer. Subcommittees were formed, one for the town of which I was chairman, and one for each of the taluks. I was chairman of the Nellore taluk. Several relief camps were formed for the relief of children. Mrs. Downie and an English lady had the management of one of these camps, and fed four hundred children twice a day. In our Town Committee we distributed money doles once a week. In the Taluk Committee we went all over the taluk and distributed such help as was needed by worthy people. For the whole district I bought and distributed Rs. 10,000 worth of cotton thread and gave it out to the weavers to be woven into cloths for which I paid the regular price, eight annas for weaving each cloth. These cloths were returned and distributed among the poor women. I also spent Rs. 10,000 for the purchase of febrifuge, and distributed it among the fever-stricken people. For all this work I, as Treasurer of the Committee, received and disbursed Rs. 250,000.

Following the great famine, came the great ingathering of converts to Christianity. This movement was confined almost exclusively to the Ongole division of our mission. The movement was very severely attacked in some quarters, chiefly on the ground that it too closely followed, and was probably largely due to, the great famine. There was some ground for that. But on the other hand, in the Nellore division of the district, a great deal of famine relief work was done, yet very few converts were received at that time. Perhaps we were overcautious about receiving converts. My chief share in the great ingathering was writing an article in defense of it, for the Bangalore meeting of the South India Missionary Conference. There was considerable doubt and more or less adverse criticism of the movement. I read a paper at the Conference which was followed by a heated discussion. I also wrote an article for the New York *Examiner* describing how " 2,222 " converts were baptized in one day by six men, only two of them baptizing at the same time. Since then I have never heard the argument by the pedobaptists against the baptism by immersion of the three thousand on the Day of Pentecost, for want of time.

Next to the Great Ingathering was the ordination of twenty-four Telugu preachers. This took place at Ongole on April 16, 1880. I preached the sermon in Telugu from the text " Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all " (1 Tim. 4: 15).

Before Doctor Jewett left the Mission he called us onto the veranda one day, to show us two little

boys, brothers, who were attending the day-school. He asked us to pay especial attention to them as he felt sure they would repay any care put on them. During the famine, the parents of those two boys died with cholera, and one day the grandmother came with those boys and their two younger sisters, begging us to take them into the Mission Boarding-school as they were starving. We were touched with their helplessness, and as there were no funds on hand in the school, we just adopted them as our own. We took the old grandmother too, and cared for them all, including an older brother attending the high school. The old woman became a Christian and died a triumphant death. The youngest girl died soon after they came to us, but the other four grew up in our home. Both Pedda (big) Veeraswamy and Subbiah became ordained preachers, while Chinna (small) Veeraswamy became my bookkeeper and trusted secretary for over thirty-four years. Mukondamah was for many years a teacher in our schools, and after her marriage taught in the zenana homes. I have often said that if we had not accomplished any other thing but the raising of those young people during our many years in India, our service would not have been in vain.

One of the most delightful experiences in my missionary life was the visit to Nellore of Dr. S. F. Smith, author of the American national anthem, and Mrs. Smith, in 1881. Doctor Smith, it will be remembered, was the author of the little poem, "The Lone Star," which did so much to save the mission from being abandoned by our Society. It was at the annual meeting of the Society in Albany in 1853,

that a motion was pending to give up the mission and send the missionaries over to Burma where there was more hope of success. Dr. Lansing Burrows, in an address in which he pleaded for the mission to be continued, pointing to Nellore on the missionary map, called it " The Lone Star." Doctor Smith caught up the words and that night, before he slept, wrote the little poem. In the morning it was read at the meeting and made such a profound impression that there and then a vote was taken to continue and reenforce the mission.

THE LONE STAR

Shine on, " Lone Star! " Thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night;
Shine on, and bless the pilgrim's eye.

Shine on, " Lone Star! " I would not dim
The light that gleams with dubious ray;
The lonely star of Bethlehem
Led on a bright and glorious day.

Shine on, " Lone Star! " in grief and tears,
And sad reverses oft baptized;
Shine on amid thy sister spheres;
Lone stars in heaven are not despised.

Shine on, " Lone Star! " Who lifts his hand
To dash to earth so bright a gem,
A new " lost pleiad " from the band
That sparkles in night's diadem?

Shine on, " Lone Star! " The day draws near
When none shall shine more fair than thou;
Thou, born and nursed in doubt and fear,
Wilt glitter on Immanuel's brow.

Shine on, "Lone Star!" till earth redeemed,
In dust shall bid its idols fall;
And thousands, where thy radiance beamed,
Shall "crown the Saviour, Lord of all."

When Doctor Smith came to Nellore, I asked him to write the history of the Mission. But he declined and said the man that writes the history of such a mission must be in close touch with the work he seeks to describe. And he was good enough to say that there was no man better qualified to write the history than myself. When the book was published I sent him a copy and he sent the following notice of it to the press:

I have read with unalloyed pleasure Doctor Downie's *History of the Lone Star Mission*, the most successful mission in the experience of the Christian Church, ancient or modern. He had a rare subject, and has treated it with rare success. Numerous items, of geographical, social, biographical, and missionary interest have found merited treatment at his hands, as forming an integral part of the wonderful history—such treatment as they could have received only from one who has been for many years a participant in the scenes he described. His pure English, his direct and fine style, his judicious arrangement and proportioning of part to part, above all his fervent missionary spirit and rare competency for the work he has undertaken, have united to produce a history of "The Lone Star Mission" which is all that could be required. It is a model missionary history.

Doctor and Mrs. Smith visited other stations of the mission and everywhere received a glad welcome and left a benediction when they departed. They were very jolly with each other. One day in Nellore he said, "My wife is a very good woman, but she isn't perfect." "No," she retorted, "and if she

were, she would be handicapped by the imperfections of her husband "—and we all had a good laugh over the quick retort.

For some forty years the Nellore church had worshiped in the old thatch-covered zayat built by Mr. Day, the founder of the Mission, and it had long ceased to be adequate. A new building was an urgent necessity. About the close of 1879 Doctor Clough was on a visit to Nellore, and the church building was mentioned. Doctor Clough said to me, "Brother Downie, if you will build a church that will hold 500 people, I will give you the first hundred rupees toward it." A subscription book was opened, and we soon had enough to lay the foundations. That done, we had to wait a whole year before we got money enough to build the walls. Then another year before we could go on with the roof. The Board sent us $500 to finish the building. The cost was about Rs. 9,000, all of which, except the fifteen hundred rupees from the Board, was raised in India.

Immediately after the dedication of the new church in April, 1882, I was privileged to marry five couples of our Indian children. Next day I turned over our work in Nellore to Rev. J. F. Burditt, and the Treasury to Rev. N. M. Waterbury of Madras, and we went on our first furlough after a somewhat strenuous term of nine years. We sailed from Madras on the British India S. S. India. We had four children and took with us from Madras Nettie Jewett. We had as fellow passengers the Honorable James Grose and family. Mr. Grose had been our Collector in Nellore for several years, and we formed a very warm attachment to them which

lasted till Mr. Grose died, and continued with Mrs. Grose and her family up to the present time. We had a pleasant voyage to England. After a few weeks in England and Scotland we sailed for America. To avoid the cold on the Atlantic we took a steamer of the American Line to Philadelphia, which sails on the southern route. As we approached the pier what a glad sight it was to see quite a group of dear friends who had come down to welcome us home. No one who has not experienced it can fully realize what a joy it is, after an absence of years in such a land as India, to be once more in the homeland, to gather around the family circle, to worship in the home church, to be rubbing up against our own folk and to be drinking in fresh supplies of social, intellectual, and spiritual inspiration. But there is also a sad feature to a missionary furlough. I left father and mother, sisters and brothers when I sailed for India, and when I returned, father, mother, brother, and a long list of friends had gone.

We brought with us from Nellore Seetamah, a Telugu girl who had been in our family from the time that Annie was a baby. All the children were fond of her. She went with us to help look after the children on the voyage home, and then to attend school in America. On our return to India, we left Seetamah in Peddie Institute, where she spent four years in study. When she went back to Nellore, she was married to Rev. A. P. Veeraswamy, the eldest of the three boys whom we adopted during the famine time. Saramah, as she is called in Nellore, made a good record in Cocanada, during the three years she was there as pastor's wife. Then the

three years they were working in the church at Ongole, she did a very good work among the women. The rest of the time they have been connected with the Nellore church, and Saramah has not only been active in her work with the women, but has been a great help to Mrs. Downie in her work among the blind and the widows.

V

FIRST FURLOUGH, AND SECOND TERM

While at home I became acquainted with the Honorable William Bucknell. Doctor Clough was at home at the same time. He asked me to go with him to see Mr. Bucknell. He wanted him to give $10,000 for the Ongole College. We called several times. In the meantime some friend, I never knew who it was, spoke to Mr. Bucknell and told him that I wanted money for a high school for women and girls in Nellore. This appealed to Mr. Bucknell. So he finally decided to give the $10,000, but divided it, giving me $3,500 for a building as a memorial to his mother. That is how we came by The Bucknell Memorial.

After resting a while, I spent the major portion of my furlough in deputation work. It is a question whether that is the best way for a missionary to spend his furlough. But there is no question about its efficiency in interesting the people in missions. Secretaries may be better speakers, sometimes, but the people like to hear about missions from those who have been on the job. And the missionary is also benefited by coming into contact with the churches and many of the best people of the land. At least that was my own experience, and I loved the work.

But furloughs come to an end and then comes the hardest trial that a missionary with a family

has to meet, the parting with his children. Two of ours had to be left behind. Although we left Annie and Minnie in the beautiful and well-ordered Home in Newton Center under the motherly care of Mrs. McKinley, it was a trial we can never forget. The pain of parting with our two oldest children was mitigated by the fact that we had with us our two youngest, Elsie and Alice. It was also a pleasure to have with us Miss Jennie E. Wayte, of Rochester, who was an appointee of the Woman's Board and designated, at our request, for school work in Nellore.

We sailed from New York on the S. S. City of Chicago for Liverpool, and after a short stay in Britain embarked on the Clan Line S. S. Clan Sinclair for Madras. We had on board a Scotchman who gave us much amusement. Some of us who had been in India before, told him about the heat we would experience en route, in the Canal and the Red Sea. But in the Canal it was beautifully cool. Mr. Adam would go up and down the deck saying in his broad Scotch, "It's a purfect farce, it's a purfect farce, there's no ony heat to complain of." Then some one would say, "Oh, wait till you get into the Red Sea, and then see." So Mr. Adam waited, but to the surprise of the "Old Indians," we had a delightful head wind and charming weather. Again Mr. Adam would exclaim, "It's a purfect farce." We did not have the heat, but we had some pretty rough weather in the Red Sea. But we reached Madras and Nellore in safety and at once entered upon the engrossing duties of our second term of service.

Our arrival in Nellore, October 7, 1884, relieved Rev. J. F. Burditt who was transferred to Udayagiri to open a new station there. Miss Wayte also relieved Miss Day who went to Madras to assist Mrs. Jewett in the school work. Mr. and Mrs. Burditt did good work in Nellore and won the affection of the people.

We began our second term of service under more favorable circumstances than we did our first. We had the consciousness of having secured the confidence of the churches and of the Executive Committee at home. Our return was welcomed by our associates and Indian Christians. Soon after resuming work I began the erection of the Bucknell Memorial—a handsome building devoted to female education. Miss Jennie E. Wayte, who came with us, to engage in Bible and zenana work, proved to be a most efficient worker and was a great comfort to us until she was induced to go to Rangoon, Burma, as the wife of Mr. Phinney. When there she continued to do Telugu work, for there were many Telugus from South India in Burma as there was much work in Burma and better pay.

The Conference in 1885 met in Madras. We were still a small body, only fourteen present on that occasion. It was also the day when we had no proper organization. Every man did pretty much as he pleased in his own field. I read a paper on that occasion in which I urged among some other things that the Mission be divided into three associations, the Southern, embracing all South of Ongole, the Northern, embracing all North of Ongole, and the Western embracing the Deccan. The scheme

was adopted which was the beginning of our present well-organized Mission.

In 1886 I completed the revision of Doctor Jewett's version of the Telugu New Testament and also added References, the first Telugu New Testament with references that was ever published. In this year also I received the Honorary Degree of D. D. from Bucknell University.

In 1887 I established a little paper called *The Lone Star* for the publication of mission news. It was carried on for several years and then gave place to the more pretentious *Baptist Missionary Review,* of which I became the first Business Manager, subsequently Editor-in-chief, and again Editor-in-chief in 1924.

At the Conference held at Secunderabad in December, 1887, a resolution was passed expressing our sympathy with Rev. C. H. Spurgeon in his noble fight against the "Down-grade" movement then raging in England, which I sent to Mr. Spurgeon, and received the following reply:

Westwood, Beulah Hill, Upper Norwood,
February 21, 1888.

Rev. D. Downie, D. D., and Conference,
Nellore.

My Dear Brethren:

There is something specially sweet about your cheering words. They come from far, and cheer my soul. I thought when I protested that I was merely mentioning facts which all admit and deplore. But the policy has been to deny the existence of the error, and yet to attack me as bigoted, old-fashioned, etc. I would not mind the heretics, but I am

baffled by the good men who resolve to keep them in the Union with them. I could see no other course but to come out.

The idea of post-mortem probation and restoration seems to possess the minds of many; and while they bring in a pretended salvation after death, they undermine the true present salvation of Jesus Christ.

I shall continue to protest, even should none regard me. We are responsible for effort, but not for success.

I send you all my hearty gratitude, and sincere love. The Lord, himself, bless you in your holy labours! Grace, mercy, and peace be with you!

As for me, I thought I should die of grief when certain of my brethren turned from me; but I am revived again, and quietly wait "until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

We will meet in the morning.

Yours most heartily,

C. H. SPURGEON.

The first great sorrow that came to us as a family was in 1888 when our darling little Elsie was taken from us by death. We had remained at our post in Nellore till July when Elsie began to show signs of failing health. We went to Coonoor. For a time Elsie seemed to revive. One day while walking with a little friend past the church cemetery, she said: "Daisy, I am never going back to Nellore, I am going to die and be buried over there. But you must not tell Mama till after I die, then you may tell her." Some days after that she came in from a tea-party looking rather ill. She took to her bed and for four weeks struggled with what proved to be typhoid fever. A few days before she left us I spoke to her of the possibility of her dying. She looked at me and faintly smiling she said, "In my father's house

are many mansions." "And do you want to go to your mansion, Elsie?" She nodded yes and then in a weak quavering voice sang one verse of "In the Palace of the King." Soon after our precious little Elsie entered the glory land. She was a dear little Christian, and we did miss her so sadly. She died on September 15, 1888.

In 1890 Mrs. Downie, on account of ill health, was obliged to go home, taking little Alice who needed the benefits of an American education. I went with them as far as Colombo and saw them sail. It was another of those sad experiences that missionaries have to go through. It is bad to part with children, but to part with children and wife, as well, is still worse. Seeing them off at Colombo, I returned by steamer, stopping at Allepe and Cochin where I saw the white and black Jews, Syrian Christians, etc.

I returned to Nellore and resumed my work there till 1892, when in February I turned over the field and work to Rev. R. R. Williams and the Missionary Treasury to Rev. W. B. Boggs, and went on my second furlough. I sailed from Bombay and overtook Mr. and Mrs. Bullard at Hongkong. I had time to pay a short visit to Doctor Ashmore at Swatow, which I greatly enjoyed.

From Yokohama I sailed on the Empress of India and had the Bullards as fellow passengers. Soon after leaving port I was taken with grippe and was very ill. I called in the ship doctor. Before he came in, a missionary doctor came in to see me. I told him I had called the doctor. He said, "I hope he won't come direct from the Chinaman who has smallpox." But that is what he did. His visit was

followed by fever and the fear that I was in for the dread disease. Mr. and Mrs. Bullard were very kind and attentive to me. I had planned to go down the coast to San Francisco, but as the Bullards were going on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and I feared I might be taken with smallpox, and be landed at some way station, I decided to go on with the Bullards. When we reached Winnipeg I was greatly relieved, knowing that I could be taken to a hospital and cared for. However, I was able to continue my journey till I reached Carman, Minnesota, where I was taken in hand by our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Childs. They put me to bed and there I stayed for several days. It turned out that all I had was grippe.

VI

A HAPPY VACATION AND STIRRING TIMES

In due time I reached Boston and my family. We had a wonderful reunion after the years of separation. Before leaving Nellore I got a letter from my wife in which she cautioned me to be careful how I met the children when I got home. It was eight years since I parted with Annie and Minnie, and Mrs. Downie had a question as to how the girls would receive me. There was a little restraint at first, but we soon got acquainted.

In July we all went to Casco Bay, Maine, for three weeks. I had been asked to supply the First Church, Portland, Maine, and stayed with a gentleman who owned an old deserted house on Long Island. He took us down to see it, and I at once asked if we might occupy it. He laughed at the idea, as it was old and dilapidated, with the roof of the upper story falling in. There were three good rooms down-stairs however, and we insisted that it would be fun to camp there. Our friend then said, "By all means use it as long as you please!" We returned to Readville, packed up a few dishes, an oil-stove, bedclothes, a camp stool each, etc., and returned to our camp on the Island. The old farmhouse was on the seaward side and a mile or two away from the inhabited part. We fished, ate, and slept, and I think, had the most enjoyable vacation of our lives. It was the first time in many years

that we had been together as a family, and we did enjoy it, and no mistake. Returning to Readville, we broke up our home there and removed to West Chester, Pennsylvania, in order that Annie and Minnie might enter the Normal School. We have very pleasant memories of our association with the members of the First Baptist Church at West Chester. I had a great deal of deputation work to do, and was away most of the time. Mrs. Downie was also kept busy in the same way. Doctor and Mrs. Phillips, Doctor and Mrs. Price and other friends were so good to our girls in our absence.

We returned to Nellore in 1893, taking our three daughters back with us, thinking that a term of service with us would make them interested in mission work, and it turned out as we expected. All three of our daughters went into mission work.

We arrived in Madras on December 6, 1893, and reached Nellore on the 13th, and took over charge of the station from Doctor Williams. We were right royally welcomed by the pupils in the schools and the other Indian Christians, who were rejoiced at having their "parents and sisters" once more among them. To say that we were glad to be back at our work is to put it mildly. On the Sunday following our arrival I preached in Telugu and was surprised that the language came so readily.

Now began the experiment of bringing three young girls to a climate like that of South India, to a station away from the civilization of the large centers, away from schools and teachers, away from companionship and all that makes life pleasant to girls just budding into womanhood. But as soon

as they saw the need, the two older girls went immediately into work and helped in the schools and with the medical work, then in its infancy. The three girls studied Telugu with a munshi. In addition Annie studied for her matriculation examination, taught Greek to Pastor Subbiah, music to her sister Alice, calisthenics to the schoolgirls, and superintended the home when her mother was in camp. Minnie soon became very fluent in Telugu. She helped in the schools and in the Bible work in the town. She was very popular with the caste women and girls. Alice studied her English lessons with one of our Christian young men who knew English very well. She also prepared for the Fourth Standard examination in Telugu.

The Nellore field was much too large for any one man to care for, and it was impossible for me to do the work justice in addition to the Treasury work, so in 1894 the field was divided into four. The new fields were Atmakur, Kavali, and Allur. It was considered that the remnant of the Nellore field, as well as any one of the new fields was large enough to occupy the whole time of the ablest man among us.

At the earnest request of Mr. and Mrs. Manley, who were all alone in Udayagiri, 60 miles in the interior, Minnie went there in 1895 to take charge of the school work and help in opening work among the secluded women in town. The girls were beginning to feel a very vital interest in the heathen around them, and to want to do their part in the workaday world. Minnie was very successful in her work in Udayagiri, and was much appreciated by Mr. and Mrs. Manley. As the months passed,

Annie became more and more interested in her work. She taught five hours a day in the schools, and often had the pupil teachers come to her for object lessons.

Early in 1896, our daughter Alice had to return to America on account of ill health. We were glad to be able to put her in charge of Miss Slater who took her to her aunt, Mrs. A. J. Rowland, in Philadelphia. In the fall of that year, Alice entered the Normal School at West Chester, living with our good friends Doctor and Mrs. Phillips.

In 1897 I was appointed by Government a Fellow of the University of Madras. I served two terms and then became an Honorary Member for life. But when the new Government came into force, these Fellowships were abolished.

In November of the same year I was bitten by a mad dog and had to go to Paris for treatment in the Pasteur Institute. It was an expensive trip, costing about $1,000. One-half of this was paid by the Board. On our return I was able to carry on quite a newspaper controversy as to why there was no Pasteur Institute in India when every steamer that left India carried people bound for Paris for Pasteur treatment. It finally ended in a Pasteur Institute being started at Kasauli in North India. When some people from South India died on the way to Kasauli for treatment, an Institute was built in Coonoor, on the Nilgiri Hills. It has been a haven of healing for hundreds of bitten people, in South India.

In 1899 we were called upon to undergo another of those separations which form the great sacrifice of the missionary life. Besides all the routine work

that Annie had been doing, in the three years she had passed three examinations in Telugu, and read one year in Sanskrit. The work and the effects of the climate told on her health, so it was thought best for her to return to America. She joined a party of our missionaries who sailed on the S. S. Egypt, from Bombay, on the 12th of March. She spent the summer with Alice on Mrs. Price's farm just outside of West Chester. Early in September Annie entered Hasseltine House and began the course of study in the Newton Theological Institution, for she had decided to offer herself to the Woman's Board to be sent out as a fully appointed missionary. Minnie returned from Udayagiri to Nellore to take up the work which Annie had left.

In 1900 Mrs. Downie, Minnie, and I went home on furlough. We went via China and Japan and joined Alice in Denver, and then went on East reaching New York in time for the Ecumenical Conference, where Annie met us. During this furlough we made our headquarters in Philadelphia, but paid many visits to our dear friends the Chambers, in their lovely home at Bronxville. We shall never cease to be grateful to them for all their goodness to us. On one of these visits, I was led to tell Mr. Chambers about our English service which had been held for several years in the Telugu chapel, but as most of the English-speaking people of Nellore lived in the town, it was too far for them to come. Feeling the importance of this branch of the work the missionaries had prayed earnestly for years that a place might be found in town suitable for the purpose. Some months later Mr. Chambers told me the follow-

ing story: "Once in my life I went out of my usual business and invested a small amount in the business of a friend. Lately my friend died, and I sold my interest in the concern. I am taking out my original investment and give the profits to you for your gospel hall as a memorial to my son." It was a great joy to take this money back with us.

Another interesting thing happened during this furlough. For some time I had been advocating some sort of a Board to look after the general interests of the mission. Doctor Murdock, the Foreign Secretary, was slow to give his approval, but before we returned to India, he said to me, "We have decided to give to you the committee you have been asking for, and we have called it 'The Advisory Board.'" In 1901 this name was changed to The Committee of Reference.

VII

INDIA FOR THE FOURTH TIME

We returned from furlough in 1901 accompanied by our two daughters, Annie and Alice—the former under appointment of the Women's Board. Minnie was taking a nurse's training in the New Haven Hospital. Two things made it a bit easier to leave Minnie: our dear friends, the Chambers, had promised to look after her, and she had as her companion in the training-school Jennie McLaurin, the daughter of our coworker and friend John McLaurin. On reaching Nellore, Alice took up the study of Telugu while Annie took up the work in the caste homes with much eagerness. She was greatly loved by the Telugu women, but the work to which she had consecrated her life was cut short. After only two months of visiting among the caste women in their homes, she contracted typhoid fever and after twelve days of suffering, "was not," for the Lord called her to higher service. When Minnie heard of the death of her sister, she immediately left the training-school for nurses and came out to take her sister's place. In the interim Alice went out on tour with the Bible-women. She had forgotten practically all her Telugu but had with her Elizabeth, a Bible-woman who knew English very well. Through her, Alice directed the work of the Bible-women. One day as they were holding a meeting in a village, a Brahmin priest came up and began to ask philosoph-

ical questions of the women which they could not answer. The meeting was about to be broken up, when Alice after praying hard for help, stepped forward and opened her mouth. The Lord was true to his promise, for her Telugu so long forgotten came back with a rush, the questions were answered, and others asked that the Brahmin could not answer. The meeting instead of being broken up in disgrace, closed in triumph for the Christians.

It was a great joy to have Minnie back with us. She took up her work with renewed physical energy and deepened spiritual grace. The work progressed rapidly and the need for a caste convert's home for women and girls became very evident. This need had been the burden of Annie's prayers before her death, so some of her friends in India and America raised a fund with which the Annie Kennard Downie Memorial was built. This building was soon occupied and did much good as a haven for those women who became Christians and had to leave their homes. After some years the building was diverted to another purpose, but we have never ceased to hope and pray that it might be once more dedicated to the work for which Annie's friends built it. The need of such a Home is showing itself under the splendid work of Miss Moran and Miss Brunner.

The next event of consequence in our family was the coming of Rev. S. W. Stenger to Nellore for the study of Telugu in the fall of 1902. His father was a classmate of mine in Rochester Seminary, and so he wrote to me that his son was coming to our Mission, and as he was coming out single, he asked that I should be a father to him. The young man

THE ANNUAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE. TELUGU BAPTIST CONFERENCE

Nellore, January 1, 1921

For description see note on page 49

took matters into his own hands, however, and persuaded Minnie to become his wife. They were married by me on December 10, 1903. They worked at Nellore for a while relieving me of the field work, but were afterward transferred to Nandyal where they opened a new station. On my various visits to Nandyal, my heart was filled with joy and pride to see the good work which they were doing there.[1]

During 1903 and 1904, our daughter Alice was a teacher in the School for Missionaries' Children in Kodaikanal. After Minnie and Wilmer left us, Alice resigned her work in Kodai and came back to Nellore to take up the Bible work. She gave two years of service to the Women's Board, who had no appointee to take the work at that time.

Two events make 1904 a record year for Nellore. The first was the taking over of the Free Church Mission High School. The school had been in existence since 1840, the year Mr. Day removed to Nellore—so that some of the older Free Church missionaries were reluctant to give it up. However, a majority favored it, and the school was offered to us. Had we refused it, some other Mission would have come to Nellore. I had to take over the management of the school until a principal could be sent out from America. The second event of importance was the opening of the Girls' High School. Nellore was selected as the most suitable place, and Miss

[1] Members of the Downie-Stenger family appear in the picture opposite p. 48. Some of the persons appearing in that picture are as follows, reading from left to right:

Third row from bottom: Dr. and Mrs. John Newcomb, Rev. S. W. Stenger, Minnie Downie Stenger, Alice Downie Stenger, Dr. David Downie, Mrs. Downie.

Second row from bottom: Bruce Stenger, Margaret Stenger, Robert and David Stenger, Dr. J. W. Stenger.

Bottom row: Beth in front of Robert. Elsie in front of Dr. Stenger.

Tencate opened the school in the Bucknell Memorial. The year closed with thirteen pupils—twelve entered as Christians, the other was converted and baptized during the year.

1905 stands out as a very important year, for it was then that I became a grandfather. Katharine Chambers Stenger was born at Woodhouselee, Coonoor, on July 13, 1905. She started her musical career early in life, but her early vocal ability was afterward transferred to the piano.

Touring in the Indian villages and coming into close contact with the conditions caused by Hinduism is a mental and physical strain on any one, and especially on one as young as Alice. Her health failed, and in the spring of 1906 she returned to America with the Misses Tencate and Linker. She went to West Chester Normal to take a postgraduate course, and then had a year in Newton Seminary.

The revival of 1906 was an important event in the history of Nellore. One evening at Chambers Hall it was agreed that the Telugu church should be asked to pray every evening until the blessing came. This continued for ten days. Then one evening in the church while some one was praying, the Spirit came down with great power. There was a rumbling noise like distant thunder, and a simultaneous agonizing cry went up from the whole congregation. Some were sobbing, some crying out, and all confessing their sins and beseeching God for mercy, which continued far into the night. Some of the girls went into trances and though speaking to some unseen one, were unconscious of anything around them. I was in the great revival of 1858

and many revivals since, but never saw anything like that time. There were no human leaders. The Spirit of God led. One evening thinking the girls needed rest to fit them for the next day's work, I tried to close the meeting; I said: "It is late and you need rest; we will sing the doxology and pronounce the benediction." It was done but no one moved. Then a girl got up and said, "Let us pray." This was about ten o'clock and the meeting continued until after midnight. Another night Doctor Boggs tried to close the meeting with the same result. There were many "infallible proofs" of the genuineness. Miss Darmstadt testified that the Christian girls of the school were raised to a higher level of Christian life. Quarrels were settled, restitutions were made of things stolen and wrongs done. Little possessions of great value to the owners, like jewelry, etc., were freely surrended as free-will offerings to the Lord.

In 1908 we went home again on furlough. When in New York, I received a note from Miss Coles, of Scotch Plains, inviting me to call and see her. When I called she told me that ever since in 1883 I was at her father's home and preached in their church she had thought much of me and of Nellore, and now she wanted to do something and asked me what was needed. I told her a boys' high school. She asked what it would cost. Before the interview closed she and Doctor Coles, her brother, had pledged the entire ten thousand dollars for the building of a memorial to their father and uncle to be called "The Coles-Ackerman Memorial," which name the beautiful building now bears.

VIII

FOURTH FURLOUGH, VISIT TO SOUTH AFRICA

While at home we spent a very happy summer at Northfield, in one end of Doctor Mabie's cottage. The Beamans from China were in the other end. Our fellowship with them was very pleasant, and we enjoyed attending the conventions. It was so good to drink in after the years of giving out in India. Jesse Stenger, the brother of our son-in-law, visited us that summer. Wilmer had been so successful in making me his father, that Jesse thought he would try the same thing. As we found the winter in the East rather trying, we started out to California in January, 1909. On the way we visited our beloved friend Mrs. Waller in her Alabama home. That visit will ever stand out in our golden memories as do the many visits with her daughter, Mrs. Chambers. We located in Pasadena, and in April we were joined by Minnie, Wilmer, and their three lovely children. Mrs. Downie and I did much deputation work, visiting many cities and towns in California and along the Pacific coast. It was at this time in California that I found a man whom I thought would be admirably suited for the principalship of the Nellore High School. It was Rev. L. C. Smith, of Bakersfield. He was finally appointed and arrived in Nellore, November 27, 1911. He immediately took charge of the school and proved

admirably fitted for the work. Besides being an excellent manager and teacher he held very decided views on making schools the means of progressive evangelistic work. Some thought this might decrease the attendance of non-Christians but the attendance has gradually increased since Mr. Smith took charge.

One June 10, 1909, our daughter Alice was married to Jesse Stenger. The ceremony was performed by me in the First Baptist Church of which Jesse and Alice were both members. Rev. W. H. Stenger, father of the groom, also assisted in the ceremony.

We returned in the fall of 1909 to India, going by way of South Africa. Some years before one of our boys, John Rungiah, had gone out from Nellore to Natal as a missionary. He was anxious that his spiritual father and mother should come and see his work. The Board thought it a good plan that we should go and encourage him and advise in regard to the work. It was a great delight to us to see the fine work John was doing. We stayed with Sir Liege Hulet on whose plantation John was carrying on his work. The congregation was composed of Telugu men and women who had gone to South Africa to work on these plantations. Sir Liege spoke in the highest of terms of John and his work. On October 24, 1909, I laid the corner-stone of the First Telugu Baptist Church of Kearsney with a silver trowel which is a work of art. On the same day, I opened the church! I also laid the corner-stone of the church at Durban. We were very glad finally to reach Nellore, and take over charge from Mr. and Mrs. Curtis.

In December 1910 the Mission was reenforced by the coming of our daughter Alice and her husband Dr. Jesse Stenger. Doctor Stenger was designated to Nellore for the study of Telugu. We welcomed them with great joy, especially as they brought with them my namesake, David Downie Stenger, a bonny baby of four months. As Jesse gave himself arduously to the study of the language, Alice took up again the Bible work. Miss Moran had come out for this work, arriving about the same time, but of course she had to study the language first. Alice kept the Bible work until Miss Moran was able to take it over after her first examination. Doctor Stenger took over the field work from me, after passing his examination, and Alice was overjoyed to be able to go out on tour with him.

Alice also helped her mother with the work for the blind women and widows. Mrs. Downie had started a Sunday-school class for blind beggars. Through this class she came in touch with some caste women who were blind. These women were taken into the Caste Converts' Home. Mrs. Downie taught them to read the Bible in the Telugu Braille. Afterward Doctor Coles built a fine home for the blind, and these women and some others who came in later on were made happy here and learned to know and love Jesus. A successful work for widows was also carried on.

Early in 1911 was the seventy-fifth anniversary of Mr. Day's arrival in Nellore, hence the Diamond Jubilee of the Mission.

In 1914 my health was seriously impaired so that I felt obliged to resign the office of Mission

Treasurer, handing over charge to Doctor Ferguson. At the Annual Conference of that year the following resolution was passed by a standing vote:

Resolved that in view of Doctor Downie's retirement from the office of Mission Treasurer, after a service of more than forty years, this conference records its appreciation of the long, faithful, and efficient service rendered, and in congratulating Doctor Downie on the completion of this part of his work in the Mission, the Conference would assure him of its love and interest and express the hope that he may long be spared to continue in whatever phase of work Providence may direct.

Nellore had a number of important experiences in 1915; one was the transfer of Doctor Stenger to Hanumakonda. This was a great loss to Nellore, for Doctor Stenger was getting into a fine medico-evangelistic work.

On December 1, 1915, I handed over charge of the Nellore station and field to Rev. Charles Rutherford. Ten days later occurred the forty-second anniversary of our arrival in Nellore. The farewell took place January 10. Rev. A. P. Veeraswamy, on behalf of the Christians of the Nellore field, read the following address:

FAREWELL ADDRESS

On Leaving Nellore to Settle on the Hills in Coonoor

To the Reverend David Downie, D. D.,
and Mrs. Downie:

Our Dear and Respected Missionaries:

We, the Indian Christians of the town of Nellore and the surrounding villages, have assembled here with feelings of great sorrow to bid you farewell on the eve of your de-

parture from our midst. We desire to express in our humble way our appreciation of your loving and patient ministry during the long period of over forty-two years.

For the spiritual, intellectual, and material welfare of our people, you have been instrumental in bringing into existence several large and important mission, educational, medical, and other philanthropic institutions. But we bear witness to the fact that from the very beginning of your missionary life in India, you have made the preaching of the gospel your most important work. By your faithful ministry and that of your coworkers, both Indian and American, we rejoice to see in the Nellore Mission field six separate Baptist churches with a membership of over twelve hundred, worshiping the true and the living God. You have also ever striven to beget in us a spirit of true independence in matters pertaining to our churches.

Possessed with strong religious convictions, filled with a burning zeal for the Master, and prompted with the highest and purest of motives, you have in loving firmness and discipline always labored for our best interests. The fruit of your labor will be abundant and will be reaped in due time by your successors. But we assure you that even now there are at least some Christian leaders, right here in this very assembly, who are the fruit of your labor and who have really consecrated their lives to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and his blessed cause.

And about you, Mrs. Downie, what shall we say? Much indeed. We consider you as our true mother. You have borne in various ways your full share in the uplift of our community from sin and degradation. You have not been content to be merely a missionary's wife. You yourself have been a full missionary and much more. Recognizing the Saviour's spirit in you, the poor, the despised, the troubled, the fatherless, the motherless, the widow, the fallen, and the outcasts have come to you for shelter and you have helped them all. Even in the treatment of your personal domestic servants, you have acted like a mother and have been a ministering angel unto them in times of trouble.

In conclusion we humbly ask you both kindly to accept

DR. AND MRS. DAVID DOWNIE

Taken on Their Golden Wedding Day
November 21, 1922

these mementoes as tokens of our love and esteem and heartfelt gratitude for all your goodness and kindness to us. We shall often think of you, speak of you and pray for you. May God's blessing rest on you wherever you may go. May he continue to use you abundantly, for the furtherance of His Kingdom in this world.

We remain as ever, yours affectionately,

THE CHRISTIANS OF NELLORE FIELD.

NELLORE, JANUARY 10, 1916.

One memento was a Lone Star watch pendant—a gold circle enclosing a gold star with the inscription, "From the Christians of the Nellore Field to Rev. D. Downie, D. D.," and on the other side, "In loving remembrance of Forty-two Years of Service, 1873-1915." The other was a black silk umbrella to "Mother Downie," having an elaborately carved silver handle.

IX

LIFE AT COONOOR, FIFTH FURLOUGH, GOLDEN WEDDING

"Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."—*2 Corinthians 4: 16.*

"At evening time there shall be light."—*Zechariah 14: 7.*

They call it "going down the hill," when we are growing old;
And speak with mournful accents, when our years are nearly told;
They sigh when talking of the past—the days that used to be—
As if the future were not bright with immortality.

But oh! it is not "going down," 'tis climbing higher —higher,
Until we almost see the mansions that our souls desire;
For if the natural eye grows dim, it is but dim to earth,
While the eye of faith grows keener to perceive the Saviour's worth.

Those by-gone days, tho' days of joy, we wish not back again;
Were there not also many days of sorrow and of pain?

But in the days awaiting us, the days beyond the tomb,
Sorrow shall find no place, but joy unmarr'd for ever bloom.

For though in truth the outward man must perish and decay,
The inner man shall be renewed by grace from day to day;
They who are planted by the Lord, unshaken in their root,
E'en in old age shall flourish and still bring forth rich fruit.

It is not years that make men old, the spirit may be young,
Though for the "threescore years and ten" the wheels of life have run;
God has Himself recorded, in His blessed word of truth,
That "they that wait upon the Lord, they shall renew their youth."

And when the eyes, now dim, shall open to behold the King,
And ears, now dull with age, shall hear the harps of heaven ring,
And on the head, now hoary, shall be placed the crown of gold,
Then shall be known the lasting joy of never growing old.

L. H. K. B.

After turning over the Nellore field, Mrs. Downie and I made our home at Coonoor on the Nilgiri

Hills. My time was given to the writing of the history of the Lone Star Mission, to the writing of tracts and to the editorship of the *Missionary Review*. Then too I was called upon to preach in the Union Church at various times. Our life on the hills was a very peaceful and happy one. We had many dear friends in Coonoor—Sir Robert Stanes and family, Mr. and Mrs. Ward, Miss Bishop, and Mr. Logan, and other friends at Brooklands (the Missionary Rest Home), Miss Chaplin, Miss Wray, and others at Hebron (the school for missionaries' children). It was a joy also to have all our grandchildren attending Hebron School at one time or another. We had many jolly times with the children, and it kept us from getting lonely. During the summers the missionaries who were spending their vacations in Coonoor would come to our house for tennis, tea, or for a quiet chat. I might say that I was well over eighty when I played my last game of tennis.

In the spring of 1918 the two Stenger families and we went on furlough. Pasadena was the goal of all three families. As the war was on, we had difficulty in securing passage, and could not all go together. The S. W. Stengers got through all right, but the cabins of the Jesse Stengers and ourselves were commandeered, so we had to spend a month in Ceylon waiting for another passage. We enjoyed the stay there very much. We reached San Francisco on July 4 and a few days later the Stenger-Downie tribe had a grand reunion in Pasadena. The "flu" epidemic and other illnesses did much havoc, but we pulled through them all by God's grace. We

THE DOWNIE GOLDEN WEDDING

Nellore, November 21, 1922

For description see note on page 62

all spent much time in deputation work. Doctor Stenger was able to raise $4,500 for hospital equipment, from the members of the First Baptist Church of Pasadena. They also gave him a car to use in his medical work, while the Calvary Baptist Church gave one to Mr. Wilmer Stenger for his work in Nandyal.

During the summer of 1919 we had a delightful time at Mountain Rest in the Berkshire Hills. Every missionary should have a season of rest in this beautiful haven under the loving care of Mrs. Cleveland! Then we also had a month at Ventnor in the Doane Cottage. Surely our friends at home have been kind in caring for the furlough time of their missionaries, and we appreciate it more than we can say.

In the fall of 1919 we all returned to India, with the exception of our two grandchildren Katharine and Elbert, who were left under the care of Mrs. Chambers.

After two years, our daughter Minnie had to return to America with her two younger children, leaving Mr. Stenger to carry on the work at Nandyal alone.

November 21, 1922, marked our golden wedding anniversary. The missionary friends at Nellore planned a fine celebration for us. In the afternoon there was a meeting in the church, where we had a golden wedding ceremony performed by Doctor Ferguson. Miss Brunner sang "Sweeter as the Years Go By," and it touched our hearts very much. Her singing becomes sweeter the more we hear it. After the program, there was a reception for the

Indian people, and a large crowd came up and shook our hands. After this there was a photograph taken.[1]

In the evening the missionaries had a fine station dinner for us. They had invited some missionaries from the near-by stations. Jesse, Alice, and their four children came down from Ongole to help us celebrate. The only drawback was that Minnie and her family could not be there. Our friends gave us many beautiful presents, and we received such lovely letters from the friends at home. The missionaries at Nellore gave us ten five-dollar gold pieces. In presenting these, many nice things were said to us. It was a time long to be remembered.

[1] A reproduction of the photograph appears opposite page 60. The persons shown are as follows, reading from left to right:

Bottom row: Rev. A. P. Veeraswamy, Rev. T. H. Narasiah, Alice Manley, Robert Stenger, Frances Manley, Beth and Elsie Stenger.

Second row: Rev. Kanakiah, Mrs. Manley, Rev. Frank Manley, Alice Downie Stenger, Dr. and Mrs. Downie, Dr. Jesse Stenger, Dr. Benjamin, Miss Magilton.

Third row: Mr. M. William, Mrs. Davis, Miss Dorie, Miss Jones, Miss Brunner, Miss Moran, Dr. Ferguson, David Downie Stenger, Miss Draper, Miss Ross.

Back row: Pheniceamah, Judamah, Mukondamah, Ranamah, Miss Ferguson, Rachelamah, Jeevarathnamah, Dr. Nundamah.

X

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE

December 10, 1923, marked the completion of fifty years of work in India. The Indian Christians called it our Golden Jubilee, and they took charge of the celebrations. They had a very nice service for us, and our hearts were touched at the things said by our spiritual sons and daughters, showing their love and appreciation. Among other things the following verses were read at that time. These were written in Telugu but were translated for us by the author.

1. Today is a happy day for us—
   Our hearts beat with pride and boasting.
   We have a day flowing with nectar,
   For the day is a brilliant one to the Golden Jubilee of the Downies.

2. Is it possible this moment to tell you the story of these in detail?
   They are old veterans Reverends, those who ought to be praised,
   They are historians and they are learned,
   Now they are blessed to see their children's children, and thus ought to be called, Grandfather and Mother.
   To describe their history is a vain task.
   For it will be like the description of a young crow about its mother.

And yet, will I keep quiet from describing what you have done in Nellore (Simhapuri)?

3. Tell me, who was that great man who came to Nellore fifty years ago?
Tell me, who was that great man who set his foot on the soil of Simhapuri?
Tell me, who was that great man who made up his mind to preach out Christ?
Tell me, who was that great man who built all these buildings here?
Listen! I'll tell you who he is
On the day of his Golden Jubilee,
His name is Doctor Downie.

4. O Mother! How shall we forget thee?
It is but right for us to call thee Mother.
It has been a pleasure to you to follow thy husband through thick and thin.
Hence thou standest as a true wife to be copied.
Suffering many difficulties, thou hast helped greatly the poor and the sick!
Thou hast taken pains to speak about Higher Education and to preach about Christ.
To describe thy good qualities we shall not take time.
Thou hast shown great love for our country by giving three of thy living daughters.
May the Lord bless thee abundantly.

5. Who is the successor of Fathers Jewett and Day?
Who is the founder of Theological, High School, and other institutions?

Who is the great friend of both Hindus and Moslims?
Who is the lover of the blind?
Who is the one that wrote the History of Our Telugu Mission?
Many words are not necessary,
What Simhapuri and the Telugus are today is all due to the labors of Doctor and Mrs. Downie.

ADDRESS [1]

Presented on the Day of Golden Jubilee of Dr. D. Downie and Mrs. A. H. Downie

Reverend Father and Mother:

The tide of events is at its best. We take this opportunity to rejoice, as did the old Jew, and meditate on the Truth Who set us free from the Shackles of Scepticism and Irreligion. We feel really grateful to the Giver of all good gifts for bringing about in the history of the Telugu Mission and in that of your lives this historic event for which we have all been looking with happy anticipations. To live to see the Hand of Providence over service of half a century is a rare privilege indeed, worth coveting.

From our own standpoint, to review your labors in the field for the last half a century sounds rather odd, and tantamounts to the happy presumption of a chicken to ponder over the labors of its mother-hen

[1] Of course, this address is given here in its original form.

in producing it; and when it begins to brood it begins to nod. Surely this attempt does not cover the field at all. But as it is usual, many speak, some think, and one commits to writing, and history is written. So these few lines have been penned through insufficient study and perhaps with unlearned reflection. So we desire that you should consider these few lines as expressive of our great thankfulness and indebtedness to Him, and also that you heartily join with us in the rejoicings of the day.

To write historically, having obeyed the Divine Call you were "designated to the Telugu Mission on 25-2-73 and arrived in Nellore on December 10 of the same year." Before two months you were in the country you had to step into the shoes of the then veteran Jewett who by that time served in the country for over twenty-five years. In the "Lone Star Station" the mission witnessed in 1886 its Jubilee of fifty years, and today as Providence designed it, the "Lone Star" celebrates the Golden Jubilee of its own Veteran Missionary, Hallelujah!

In this connection it is significant to note how the progress of the gospel has all along been in the Telugu Mission along class lines, and how from time to time "the Kingdom of God" hath been "suffering violence and the violent took it by force."

Being an institution in yourselves, you believed in institutions and organizations. While the Boys' High School has been a by-product of your later years of labor, the Girls' High School, the Bible Training School, and the normal training-schools with all their developments which the modern sys-

tem of education enhanced had their seed in the Bucknell Memorial you came by, in the threefold character enunciated then. We feel happy to note in these days the efficient attention which Child Education is receiving both in the Mission field and in the State. We further feel grateful that you are of the School and of those who believed in Higher Education as an Agency both in the social upliftment of the Indian Christian and as an evangelistic force in the Mission in the long run. Your affection for the late collegiate courses at Ongole, and your nomination to the Senate of the Madras University, your inspiring support for the Theological Seminary, the securing of Chambers' Hall with all its efficient equipment, the Boys' High School referred to above with its present outlook, the women's Unique Mission Hospital in South India, all are evidences of the truth of the above statement.

The paper read by you, Mother, at the mission Jubilee of 1886 " on the Boarding Schools and Female Education " was the bugle note of the claims of Christian Women on the Mission for Higher Education, and as we deem it, it paved the way for all other methods of work for the building and development of Indian womanhood. Your care for the weak and distressed, your large sympathy for the straying and fallen ones, the help physical, moral, and spiritual you rendered to the widow and the orphan, in and out of season, your care of the blind and the multifarious ways and methods you adopted in covering the lost ones have struck the keynote of the basic values of all true Christian Love and Education, and also served a lesson for all time to come,

for *that Optimistic Faith and Hope* in the Mission field which alone "finds a rapture linked with each despair" and "detects more good than evil in humanity," only to see men growing better as the world grows old.

The formation and the growth of the Church with all its organizations within it have from time to time received for their self-expression inspiration from your personal lives. It will not be too much to say that the Church in the field has already made a mark on the history of the land. Your faithfulness to God's word in interpreting it, impressed the students of God's word in these days of apostasy that progressive conservatism and orthodoxy in religion is the safest road to Theology and God-realization. And as we look upon this wide Mission, persons who are in High Christian service and walks of life were, either as members of this Church or otherwise, for some portion of their lives at least, under your care and guidance. And the influence you shed through friendship with the Hindu and Mohammedan gentlemen had at all times been helpful to themselves and this Church. And it is perhaps needless to mention that your names have become household words in every Christian and old Hindu and Mohammedan family of this town.

Line upon line was the constructive method, and under the touch of the Master Hand "The Lone Star," though it has become one of the luminaries of the Mission Constellation by its peculiar making and with its progressive ideals, outshines its sister Stars by a brilliancy peculiarly its own.

As we deem it, though the Lone Star has the largest

DOCTOR AND MRS. DOWNIE AND MRS. STRONG
NELLORE MISSIONARIES AND INDIAN CHRISTIANS

The Downies' Golden Jubilee, Nellore, December 10, 1921

corner of your hearts, your present position sheds before you a united and larger responsibilities and calls for wider outlook on behalf of the whole Mission field, and shall it not be said! It has become your privilege to beget more sons and daughters of Faith in the future service before you, as the scriptures say, " They shall still bring forth fruit in their old age."

What a happy retrospect!!!

And who can tell!—what with persistent prayer and untiring devotion, what with holy zeal and study of God's word amidst all adverse circumstances, and what with Faith and instinct, that can tell that God is in the field you might have applied yourselves.

> To toil for souls unpriced,
> And write upon the lifted Cross
> The Telugus for Christ.

Pain there might have been—it could not have been a mere negation in your lives—but as Wordsworth puts it, it was but a part. And that a needful part, in making up the calm existence which is mine, when I AM worthy of myself. And as Lady Wilcox sings,

> All the beauty of life's story
> He will do in tones of glory
> When these final blots of shadow
> From His brushes have been hurled.

May you live to see your Diamond Jubilee, and may your " old age be clearer than the noonday."

In conclusion kindly accept this simple memento in token of our affection and esteem for you. We assure you our prayers will go with you wherever

you go. May "He walk before you and cause His face to shine upon you." Amen!!!

We remain, yours very affectionately,

THE CHRISTIANS OF NELLORE.

10th December, '23
The Golden Jubilee of
Dr. and Mrs. Downie,
Nellore.

It was a great joy to have with us, during our Jubilee, Mrs. Strong of Rochester. After the Jubilee was over, we took Mrs. Strong to Ongole for a visit with Alice. We had a very delightful time together. After a week, Mrs. Strong returned to Nellore, while Mrs. Downie and I stayed on for Christmas with the Ongole folk. Wilmer joined us in Ongole for Christmas, and we had a very nice time together. The only drawback to the fun was the approaching departure of the Stenger family for America. This filled our hearts with sadness as we feared that we might not see the children again on earth. We had requested the Reference Committee for furlough, but they suggested a change in our proposed plans by taking the following action:

Read letter from Doctor Downie dated Dec. 15, asking that the Reference Committee authorize his return to America with a view to remaining there.

Voted that the committee defer action for the present and request Doctor Downie to reconsider the matter in the light of the Committee's opinion that he can still usefully serve the Mission by remaining on the field and devoting himself to publicity work both here and in the denominational press in America.

In some respects this was a disappointment to us, but in view of the fact that the Reference Committee felt that my work was not done in India, we felt it the part of wisdom to comply and stay for the present.

At the Conference held in Madras the missionaries not only asked me to conduct several services, but also asked me to again become Editor-in-chief of the *Missionary Review*. At this time we received an invitation to go to Cocanada to attend the Jubilee Anniversary of the founding of the Canadian Baptist Mission. We were the only ones in our Mission who were here at the time that that Mission was started by my dear friend John McLaurin.

As soon as Conference was over we went to Nellore to help with a case connected with the hospital. It was good that we had something to divert our minds from the parting from Jesse, Alice, and the children. When the case was over, we did not feel equal to the trip to Cocanada, so went to Nandyal for a visit with Wilmer. We found that we were able to be of assistance to him in getting ready for his trip to America.

After returning to Coonoor I worked with Sir Robert Stanes, Rev. R. J. Ward, and others on the Hebron School Board. I was much interested in this school both because Mrs. Downie and I thought a great deal of Miss Chaplin, who was the founder of the school and for many years its principal, and because seven of our grandchildren all attended it at one time or another. There was a great need for a house in which the little boys could live. It was a joy therefore when the money for the house was

finally raised and I was asked to lay the corner-stone of "The Chaplin House for Boys."

This ends the Autobiography of our dear one. The remaining incidents of his life will be given by extracts from letters and by words of others.

Among the many letters received after the end of the fifty years of service this letter from Doctor Robbins is given for it expresses what so many of our friends felt, namely, that Mr. Downie had a very definite work to do in the Mission. So many friends have written of his quiet influence at the Mission Conferences, and in personal conversations. Many a knotty problem was helped to a solution by a few quiet words from him, or by one of his soul-stirring prayers.

FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY,
NEW YORK.

DEAR DOCTOR DOWNIE:

I have received several letters from you extending from November 14 to January 23.

First of all we want to congratulate you upon completing fifty years of service as a missionary of our great Society. I am enclosing notice of the official action of the Board taken at the February meeting regarding this matter, and I understand that Mr. Lipphard, the Recording Secretary of the Board, is sending you the Resolutions as reported and adopted by the Board at the March meeting. We have also prepared a short article for publication in *Missions;* for we all agree that it is a matter of

SIR ROBERT STANES

DOCTOR DOWNIE LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE CHAPLIN HOUSE FOR BOYS

Hebron School for Missionaries' Children, Coonoor, Nilgiris

unusual moment when our missionaries complete half a century of service on the foreign field.

As I said to the Board in February, when reporting your fifty years of service, I am convinced that in many ways your long years of service will continue to afford a unique and helpful ministry both to the missionaries and to the Telugu Christians of our South India Mission. As much as we would like to have you home (and I appreciate the service you could render here) I do believe that the presence in South India of people loved and honored as you and Mrs. Downie are, with your wealth of experience, quiet humor, wholesome and progressive outlook, and deep spiritual life, is a unifying and uplifting influence.

One of our missionaries recently wrote me a letter which was so much in harmony with my own thinking of the past months that I herewith quote from it:

> There is one thing for which I feel the need, and for which I pray; for a rebaptism for all of us; that is, a fresh baptism of brotherliness bearing one another's burdens, sharing one another's joys; a real brotherly love and interest in one another such that we exercise fairness without favor, patience without heat; more of a readiness to endure misunderstanding as a natural part of life's process of development; a brotherliness that insists on being brotherly whether the other fellow does or not. I do not refer to a mere sentimental brotherliness, but I mean a brotherliness made up of justice, mercy, love, long-suffering, kindness, wisdom; free from retaliation, littleness, selfish ambition.

I am sure every one who has been for any period in this work and has thought at all deeply, will recognize the truth here so forcefully presented.

Jesus is most positive in his demands. From

his conception of goodness as free and spontaneous, it follows that no limit can be prescribed, for men are to forgive, not seven times, but seventy times seven." They are to do good, "hoping for nothing" in return. Goodness, brotherliness, is the law of the Christian nature and cannot be restrained.

"The God of peace make you perfect in every good thing to do his will, working in us that which is well pleasing in his sight."

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. ROBBINS,
Foreign Secretary.

XI

THE CLOSE OF A LONG SERVICE

At Evening Time There's Light

A snow rim on my brow,
But summer in my heart;
My feet are weary now—
Soon earth and I must part.
But God has made my pathway bright,
And now, at evening time, there's light.

A Staff of easy grasp
Supports my yielding limbs;
He bids my faith to clasp
Its hold and trust in Him.
His love and will are my delight,
And lo, at evening time, there's light.

Like winter sun that shines
E'en through the cloudy rifts,
His love and favor now are mine,
Rich in my Father's gifts.
I may not fear, there is no night;
Behold, at evening time, there's light.

My outer vision's dim,
My inward eye is clear;
My every thought of Him
Disperses every fear.
I know life's outcome will be right,
For now at evening time there's light.

Some night or morn or noon,
Life's journey will be done;
Nor do I fear it soon
My endless life's begun.
Then Oh! the bliss of that first sight
When path and pillars flame with light.

COONOOR, July 29, 1924.

DEAR ALICE:

I am not sure that this will get off today, owing to the floods, "washouts on the Line," and my birthday-party at the Lodge, and piles of letters to answer; but I thought I'd begin a letter to you on this 29th of July.

Next day. Well Alice, we had a lovely time at the Lodge yesterday. There were about twenty present and such a beautiful tea with a fine birthday-cake with eight candles round the outside and six in the middle, making eighty-six. Sir Robert said some nice things about your father, and the latter made a few feeble remarks. Then a choir sang a hymn, "Christ's Own Peace." Then some announcements and croquet. We went and returned in Sir Robert's car.

I have had heaps of letters and five telegrams. One was from "Berlin," evidently meant for Oberlin, from the Stengers giving 2 Thess. 3:16: "Now the Lord of Peace himself give you peace alway by all means. The Lord be with you." That was fine!! It was from "The Stengers." I wonder if that included you? We had hoped to get a wire from you from Pasadena. Perhaps it is too soon, but you ought to get there soon. It is mail time so I will close this with much love from Dada and Dannir to all.

Yours affectionately,

FATHER.

On Dec. 4, 1924, my husband was taken ill with pneumonia in Madras. We were on our way to the

Annual Conference. I want to put on record the great kindness shown to us by our Bishopville friends, the Fergusons, during all that anxious time. Our own children could not have been kinder or done more for the sick one than they did. It showed so plainly the bond that existed between us and the dear ones in the Mission, a bond that only death can sever. It was a great disappointment to my husband that he could not attend the Mission Conference at Ramapatnam. It was the only Conference he had ever missed attending in the fifty-two years of his missionary career, when not on furlough. He felt especially bad as he was to have given a talk to the Conference. While recovering from his illness, and slowly regaining strength, he was able to write out a message which was sent to the Conference and read there. This message was afterward printed in the *Missionary Review*.

At this time *The Lone Star*, the history of the Telugu Mission written by Mr. Downie, was published and sent out. Mr. Downie felt very much gratified that The American Baptist Publication Society had published the *History* as one of their Centennial Books, and sent it out for free distribution. He received many letters of appreciation, but we only quote from two or three:

American Baptist Foreign Mission Society,
276 Fifth Avenue, New York, July 17, 1923.

Dear Doctor Downie,

I have read the entire manuscript of your history of the Telugu Mission and I not only know more con-

cerning the history of this wonderful mission but have been fired with a new enthusiasm for it, and am determined that somehow and in some way this book must get to the public and we must take other steps to bring the mission in a larger way to the attention of the Baptist people.

Thanking you again for your very helpful letters, and with kindest regards to Mrs. Downie and yourself, I am

Very sincerely,

J. C. ROBBINS,
Foreign Secretary.

MARCH 4, 1925.

DEAR DOCTOR DOWNIE:

I find that I have in my South India folder four letters from you, two of Nov. 4, one of Jan. 7, and one of Jan. 21.

First of all, let me express my sympathy with you in your illness and our gratitude to God for your recovery. I do hope that by this time it is complete, and that you are your vigorous self once again.

Just the other day, I met Ewing, now connected with the Y. M. C. A. in Kansas, and we were speaking about you and your wonderful vigor, mentioning the fine game of tennis that you played in the glory of your fourscore years and more.

Of course it was a great disappointment to you, and to all the other missionaries, that you could not be present at the Conference at Ramapatnam. I have read with a great deal of interest and helpfulness your address on "The Greatest Need of Our Nation"

as prepared by you and read at that Conference. You have combined in this address, in a beautiful way, the spiritual and mystical elements of our faith in your first point "Union with Christ," and the practical element in your point that this union with Christ implies union with each other. I am sure that if this message could become a reality, as it should, in the lives of Christians, we Christians would really show that we are different, in a marked degree, from those who are not Christians and who have not experienced this abiding in Him.

One of the disappointing things about the Christian life is that all of us so often fail to realize in our lives and attitudes that deeper experience that would lift us up to higher levels of thought and action, and thus differentiates us from those who have not experienced this new life in Christ Jesus. Your message, with its emphasis on the abiding union with Christ and its heart-stirring appeal for union with each other, and with that most touching reference to the vision that so deeply moved you one day in your late illness, when, as you looked into Christ's face, so marred and sad, He said to you, "I have been wounded in the house of my friends," will, I am sure, have an abiding influence upon every member of the South India Conference.

I am now teaching, at our church in White Plains, an adult study class, on China, and the last two months practically all my reading has been about China. I have four more nights with the class, and after that I am looking forward to reading through again your book *The Lone Star*. I shall read your book just to enjoy it and the pleasure will be multi-

plied manyfold because of my admiration for and love of the author.

With kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. Downie, I am

Very sincerely yours,

J. C. Robbins,
Foreign Secretary.

P. S. We have received a goodly number of letters of appreciation, of your book, which we are now forwarding to you.

J. C. R.

Palmetto, Aiken, S. C., March 27, 1925.

My Dear Doctor Downie:

First I have to thank you for your book which came duly to hand, and I have dipped into it enough to get an outline of the history of the Telugu Mission in which I first became interested through you, I forget how many years ago.

I also owe you thanks for several letters, the last dated Jan. 29th, from Ongole. It is a great satisfaction that you have so soon recovered from your serious illness, for we old fellows do not come back from such attacks as we did when thirty or forty years younger; as I know by recent experience.

In each letter you seem to pronounce something of a valedictory, but I confidently expect that your translation will be postponed for some time. And whether you live or die, you will always be to us an inspiration to a joyous life here and a member of

the great family in which we shall all be united hereafter.

Mrs. Chambers joins me in love to you both.

Faithfully yours,

FRANK R. CHAMBERS.

The same day on which my husband was taken ill, our grandson, David Downie Stenger, was taken ill with endocarditis. Much prayer in India and in America went up for both. My husband recovered but our dear grandson, after an illness of six months, was called to a higher service. My husband never really recovered from the shock of David's death—he was his namesake—and from that time he talked more and more of the Heavenly Home. Three selected letters here will show the trend of his thoughts while we were preparing for our return to America:

COONOOR, SOUTH INDIA, JULY 22, 1925.

DEAR ROBERT:

By the time this reaches you, I presume you will be back from Seattle. My! what a traveler you have been for so small a boy. Perhaps you will be getting into an aeroplane next and fly over to India. All right, come on, and won't Dada and Dannir be glad to see you. I am not sure whether we will go down to Ongole or not at Christmas time, for it won't seem right to be there and our two boys not there. But if you can't come out here and we can't go home to you, the next best thing will be to write letters.

I am sure you miss dear David. You and he got

on so nicely together. Well, I miss him too. It seems lonesome not to think of him still in Pasadena and not to get a letter from him now and then. But I am looking forward to seeing him before long. David was a very dear boy. Every one who knew him out here speaks so lovingly of him. I would like you to now and then put a flower on David's grave for me, and I would like a photo of David's grave. And I would like to have some part in making David's grave beautiful.

By the way, Robert, that was a very nice letter you sent us from the beach. I am not sure whether I answered it, but in case I did not, I want to thank you for it. You were the last one to speak to David on earth, perhaps I shall be the first to speak to him in Heaven. But I would rather the Lord came and took us all up at once. Wouldn't it be fine? Well, it may be so.

Good-bye, love to all.

Affectionately,

DADA.

COONOOR, AUGUST 16, 1926.

DEAR ALICE:

I can hardly express the joy your letter of July 10 brought to us yesterday. It was the last link in the chain of circumstances that were to settle the question of our future. First we said if we sold Bijou Cottage, we'd go home. Well, we did sell it, at our own price, and we did not have to ask any one to buy. Dr. Lew Scudder asked us if we would sell,

and offered us our price. It is a great joy that Doctor Scudder is to occupy our dear little home.

But so many have said, "Don't go home—living is so expensive and so hard," etc., that we hesitated. Then we said, "We'll wait and see what Alice says." Meantime there came a little legacy from Doctor Coles which would enable us to supplement our income, even if we had to hire a house. And last and best of all, your lovely and loving letter, not only asking but even urging us to come home and live with you. That added to the other leadings of Providence would seem to say, "Come Home." So all being well in the spring we will, D. V., start for Pasadena, which will be our home till our call comes to come up higher.

We shall enjoy the children, and if they succeed in making more noise than I hope to, it will be no fault of mine.

With heaps of love for all five,

Affectionately,

FATHER.

COONOOR, SEPTEMBER 6, 1926.

DEAR ALICE:

Your good letter of July 29 came today, and we both thank you very much for it. . . By this mail I am sending a letter to Doctor Robbins giving him the reasons for coming home and asking for his approval. We asked God to give us some signs indicating His will: (1) Selling the house; (2) your offer of a home; (3) Doctor Paton's med-

ical certificate advising my return to America, as Coonoor altitude was not good for my heart, which is a bit weak, and I have a slight form of angina pectoris.

This is mother's birthday. We are to have a tea here tomorrow. Today is the tea at Hebron. Except slight ills now and then, Mother is very well. Today I haven't an ache nor a pain, and I feel as though I could walk a mile, but I am not going to do it.

Tell the children that we greatly appreciate their very cordial invitation to come and live with them. We are planning to do it and shall be greatly disappointed if anything happens to prevent it. The only sad thing about it is that we shall sorely miss David. I think of him very often and while I rejoice that he is so happy, I miss him very much. But it won't be very long before I shall see him. What a happy meeting that will be. May we all be ready for that glorious meeting.

Now I must close with heaps of love for all five.

FATHER.

OUR LAST MISSION REPORT

1926

D. AND A. H. DOWNIE, MISSIONARIES

COONOOR.

It is with mingled joy and sorrow that we write this our last mission report. Our first was written just fifty-two years ago. God has been wonderfully good to us during all these years. I have never had

but one serious illness during all that time. And that one only two years ago. We have attended every conference of the mission, while in the country, except that of 1924 when I was detained by the illness just referred to.

Another of the joys of our long connection with the mission has been the continuous and unalloyed fellowship we have had with our mission associates, both with the missionaries and our Indian workers. That joy will last till our days on earth are done.

But our chief joy during our residence in India has been the assurance that we were in the place and doing the work to which God had appointed us. We were first designated to Moulmein, then to Ramapatnam, then we were offered Tavoy, and finally we were designated to Nellore, our first and only station for forty-one years. That proved to be the place which God had appointed for us and the one for which we were best fitted.

It is the memory of all these pleasant associations that make it so hard and gives us such pain at the prospect of leaving India, never to return.

> Oh India, *our* India,
> God shed his grace on thee,
> And crown thy good with brotherhood,
> From sea to shining sea.

The work of the year has been very much the same as that of several years past. Much of our time has been given to correspondence with the friends and churches of the homeland, in the general interests of the work. We shall hope to continue this service and may possibly increase it when we get home. I shall not be able to do much deputa-

tion work in the general sense of that term, but in other ways we hope to continue in some way till called to the higher service.

Farewell, beloved comrades, missionaries, and Indian workers. Good-bye, and may God's richest blessings rest upon you and continue to prosper you and your labors. Farewell till Jesus comes and then a blessed reunion which will never end.

THE CONVENTION OF THE TELUGU BAPTIST CHURCHES

ONGOLE, 18TH MARCH, 1927.

DR. AND MRS. D. DOWNIE,
COONOOR, NILGIRIS.

Dear Missionary Parents:

It has come to the notice of the Telugu Baptist Convention that met at Gurzalla last month that you are leaving India for good. As you have been with us evangelizing India during the greatest part of your life, and also helping us in all our troubles and difficulties, we now take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to you by sending this letter of thankfulness for all that you have done to us and all that your life has meant for us during all your stay in this country.

While we greatly appreciate the work you have done for us, we are deeply thankful for the life you have lived in our midst.

Thanking you both again for all your kind help and wishing you God-speed and a safe voyage home, I remain,

Yours very gratefully,

MOSES KELLY,
Corresponding Secretary.

SUBHADARPETT, NELLORE, DATED MARCH 15, 1927.

REV. T. H. NARASIAH, Pastor A. B. Mission.

Our dear Father and Mother:

We both are very grateful to you for what you have been to us all these years. You brought us forward and it is owing to your kindness and God's grace that we have been established in this mission and in Christianity. Thank you both for all the love you showed to us and to our family.

We hope that you will have a safe voyage and that you will reach America in sound health. And we also hope that you will find Mrs. Stenger also in good health.

We both bid you farewell with a heart full of gratitude. Please convey our love to Doctor and Mrs. Stenger. We remain,

Yours sincerely,

T. H. NARASIAH AND PHENICEAMMA.

July 29 was Mr. Downie's eighty-ninth birthday. Many letters were received after his death from his host of friends. We print only one, received from the boy who was rescued from the great famine and brought up by us:

JUNE 29, 1927.

MY DEAR FATHER:

I trust this will find you and our precious mother all safe, well, happy and in the best of health in the homeland, in company with Sister Stenger and family. After saying good-bye to you at Madras I returned to Nellore by the Mail the same evening, and when I reached home my people found me rather dejected and depressed. And indeed, so I was at the time and I did not feel like myself for several weeks after that, for I felt your final (?) departure from India very, very keenly at the time, and still feel so to a certain extent; I sometimes wished that some such eminent doctor as Dr. W. W. Keen of Philadelphia would some day meet you and examine you after a year's stay at home, and then pronounce the home climate quite unfit for you at this stage of your life and order you and mother back again to India, which is really, in many ways, more your own native country than America or Scotland.

I became an orphan when I was a mere child, but I never had an occasion to either feel or regret that I was an orphan all these fifty years or more, for I *knew* and have been conscious that I have had the very best of parents in you and mother. Once after you left India, that is, in last April, I was tempted to think I was an orphan, but I at once corrected the idea and said to myself, " No, I am not," for, though you are far away from us, you are my own and much beloved and respected loving father and mother still. This pleasant assurance has been quite a fortune and real strength to me from the very beginning,

and especially so, since 1917, when I was obliged to leave my life-work in the Mission and seek work elsewhere.

Your birthday will be coming on the 29th of July, and I am writing this letter a month ahead so that it may reach you in time for the birthday. We all send you our hearty greetings and best wishes that you may have the best of birthdays and many happy returns of the day, with the best of health throughout. Brother A. P. V. and family send their grateful love and birthday greetings.

Kindly remember me to Doctor and Sister Stenger with my best wishes for their health, wealth and prosperity.

With profound respect and love to mother and your own self, I remain, Dear Father,

Most obediently yours,

A. C. VEERASWAMY.

XII

THE TRANSLATION

Truly we have here no continuing city but we journey to "The City Foursquare" where no loved one shall ever go out.

Forever with the Lord

There is a Home eternal,
  Beautiful and bright,
Where the joys supernal
  Never are dimmed by night.
White-robed angels are singing
  Ever around the bright throne—
When, O when shall I see Thee,
  Beautiful, beautiful Home?

Flowers forever are springing
  In that Home so fair;
Thousands of children are singing
  Praises to Jesus there.
How they swell the glad anthem
  Ever around the bright throne!
When, O when shall I see Thee,
  Beautiful, beautiful Home?

Soon I may join that anthem
  Far beyond the sky;
Jesus became my ransom—
  Why should I fear to die?
Soon my eyes will behold Him,
  Seated upon the white throne,
Then, O then shall I see Thee,
  Beautiful, beautiful Home.

After packing, sending off freight, and handing over our lovely Bijou Cottage to the new owners, we were ready for the first stages of our long journey home to the land of our birth. It was hard to leave Coonoor for we gathered around us some very warm friends, the tried and the true, and it was hard to snap that tie and leave never to return. There were two farewell gatherings. One was on the lawn of the beautiful home "The Lodge" of Sir Robert Stanes and his two daughters. Here there was a bountiful tea and several speeches, and each of us received a big bundle, a mail bag, which was not to be opened until after four or five days at sea. The second farewell was at the lovely home of Rev. and Mrs. R. J. Ward, another home of genuine hospitality. About thirty-five of the choicest of Coonoor Christians were present, and we enjoyed the feast of good things that always accompanies an afternoon tea in India. There were some talks from the old friends that were hard on us, because they were so far above our own opinions of ourselves. When our friends love they love with all their hearts and cannot seem to see the faults so apparent to ourselves. God bless the Christian charity that covers a multitude of shortcomings. Will we ever forget lovely Coonoor and the tried and true ones left there? *Never!*

We found the heat in Madras very trying. It was there that the good-bye letters began to come in. The expressions of love and genuine sorrow at our going touched us deeply. So did the coming of two of our own boys—the two oldest left of the family of six, that we took into our hearts and home during

the famine of 1876 and 1878—a family that responded to all the care we put upon them and rewarded us by coming out on the Lord's side and into his work. Rev. A. P. Veeraswamy and his brother, A. C. Veeraswamy, who have been with us or near us all through our Nellore career, came down from Nellore to Madras to say good-bye to the only Father and Mother they have known for nearly half a century. We rejoice in them, for their works of love and devotion to their Lord have been many. There are others, tried and true, in whom we rejoice and look forward to meeting some day in the beautiful land of far distances. Good-byes with us are not forever—we who love the Lord will all meet again.

After the good-bys in Madras—the parting from a loved daughter and family—there was the long tiresome journey to Bombay, two nights and a day, the day being marked by a heat wave that almost used us up. But we were being prayed for by hundreds of our sons and daughters, and we were kept from fear of evil.

We sailed March 23 at 11 in the morning. After leaving the pier, we two were standing hand in hand in our stateroom, feeling very sad, for we were leaving behind us India, our India—our home for fifty-four years. Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and a peon handed us twelve letters and three telegrams that had been sent direct to the ship. God bless our friends who remember us to the very last. There are two with us who are leaving India for good. Mr. and Mrs. Silliman have done a good work for over thirty years and will be sorely missed. They leave many praying hearts behind them and

will never be forgotten. Those who are left behind must work all the harder to fill the gaps which are caused by those who have left.

We reach Suez tomorrow where this will be mailed. We have had a wonderful voyage so far, and we are sure it will be continued for we are all four being prayed for by dear ones all over the Telugu Mission—and God is a hearer and answerer of prayer.

MRS. D. DOWNIE.

We reached London Docks April 12, and were entertained during Easter week in the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Stanes at Tunbridge Wells, Kent. Then after a journey to Southampton and four lovely days in the dainty home of Mr. and Mrs. Golden, also friends we knew in India, we took our passage on the Mauretania of the Cunard Line, April 28, for New York. It was a very enjoyable trip, first to Cherbourg to discharge some passengers and take on others, and then we crossed from there to New York, the three thousand miles in five days—a very wonderful trip. We were met by two gentlemen from the " Rooms " who helped us clear our baggage and saw us to a Hotel in New York, where we had calls from friends, all through the day. The next morning a car was sent to take us to our dear friends, the Chambers' home in Bronxville. Here we had a very restful week, so lovingly cared for by our friends of many years. It was decided that it would be risky to try to go to the Northern Baptist Convention in Chicago, or even to cross the continent by train, so our friends made it pos-

sible for us to come round to Los Angeles Harbor by sea. The trip made on one of the Dollar Line boats through the Panama Canal was much enjoyed by both. Our dear daughter, son, and grandson met us at Los Angeles Harbor on the thirtieth of May at 7.30 in the morning, and after our getting through the customs, they motored us over the twenty-eight miles to Pasadena, and we were at last at home in loved America and with our dear family. June was an idyllic month—we enjoyed the long motor rides and meeting with old friends, particularly those in the First Baptist Church to which we had our letters sent from the First Church of Philadelphia. But our dear one was so quiet the early part of July—he talked much about heaven—and studied his Bible a great deal—and on the seventeenth of July he was not, for the Lord called him . . . "Home."

You are not dead—Life has but set you free!
Your years of life were like a lovely song,
The last—sweet—poignant notes of which, held long
Passed into silence while we listened; we
Who loved you, listened expectantly,
And we about you, whom you moved among,
Would feel that grief for you were surely wrong—
You have but passed beyond where we can't see.

For us who knew you, dread of age is past!
You took life tip-toe to the very last,
It never lost for you its lovely look;
You kept your interest in its thrilling book;
To you Death came, no conqueror in the end—
You merely sailed to greet another friend!

A TRIBUTE

By Miss Genevra Brunner

An Associate Missionary in the Nellore Station

Dr. David Downie is at rest. I have just come from the funeral and I want to sit down at once and try to describe it for the Nellore family and the other missionaries in India who I know would have loved to be present.

Doctor Downie died Tuesday afternoon, July 19, and his funeral was held in the First Baptist Church of Pasadena, July 22, at two o'clock. He had attended two services on the previous Sunday and seemed as well as usual. Monday was hot, and he took a bath before he drove with the family to call on a bereaved friend. This must have given him a cold, for in the night he wakened with a stricture and difficulty in breathing. Doctor Stenger was able to relieve him enough so he slept, and no serious results were anticipated, but by Tuesday afternoon he seemed suddenly worse, and the trained nurse in charge called Doctor Stenger home from the office, at 4 p. m. Another doctor was also called, but nothing could be done, and in a short time his spirit slipped away to be with his Maker, whose he was and whom he served. He was conscious all afternoon and talking to his wife and Alice. One of the last things he said was, " I am glad I came." He died in his wife's arms at 5.15 p. m.

As I think back over the beautiful and tender service, the words, " Hope, Assurance, Victory," stand

out in my mind as describing it all. I kept contrasting this with the hopelessness, grief, and uncertainty of non-Christian funerals and it seemed most fitting that the last service for Doctor Downie should so ring with these truths that he had reiterated so often through his long life of service in a heathen land. The unseen world seemed very close to us, and one felt only a thin veil hung between us and the presence of the Saviour where Doctor Downie had gone. While memories will bring tears to the eyes, yet in a true Christian's heart there is a deep joy and wellspring of hope even in the presence of death that brings the cry of "Victory." Although I had not known him so long nor so intimately as many of you, yet the memories I have of Christian fellowship, wise counsel, and loving interest are precious indeed. I realized how much you all would have loved to bring your tributes this afternoon and I have tried to be your eyes and your ears.

The beautiful, simple gray casket stood in the front of the church, and around it were tastefully arranged the many floral tributes that had been sent. Besides Mrs. Downie, Mrs. Lodor, and Mrs. Stenger and her family, Doctor Stenger's father and sister were present. They very kindly and thoughtfully asked me and a few others of our missionary family to sit with them. It was a privilege we surely appreciated. Of the missionaries' children Helen Ferguson and Albert Baker were present, the latter acting as a pall-bearer. Doctor Handel, the associate pastor of the church, took charge of the service and after a few effective expressions of admiration for

the soldier fitted for his life-work, read the seventeenth chapter of John. Doctor Cummings, former pastor of the church, led in a most tender and intimate prayer remembering so feelingly the family, the fellow missionaries, and the Telugu Christians who had been lifted into newness of life by this servant of God. "In the Secret of His Presence" was sung as a solo and then Cortland Meyers spoke. After a few personal reminiscences, Doctor Meyers said he wished to describe Doctor Downie's life in two big words, words which he hoped could be said of him after he was gone. First of all Doctor Downie was "full of faith." He believed down to the very depths of his soul the great truths of Christianity, and the unseen was very real to him. While others had been swayed by doubt, he had never wavered in his belief in, and his defence of, that faith which was dearer than life to him. Second, he was not only "full of faith" but he was "faithful." What more can be said of a man than just that? Doctor Downie was faithful to his family, to his friends, to his enemies, but most of all, as a crown to his life, he was faithful to Christ, his Master. If another eleventh chapter of Hebrews were written, David Downie's name would surely be found in it. To such a man there is no death—only a passing on to a well-earned reward, leaving behind an influence that will never cease to grow. We cannot sorrow for him, but only rejoice in the same assurance he had of immortality, in the same hope he had of a personal return of his Lord, and in the victory which now is his. The talk given by Doctor Meyers was truly an inspiring tribute.

Next Rev. Wallis, who had been in India for a few years, gave the tribute for the missionaries. He told some personal experiences of his associations with "Pa" Downie in India. Doctor Rider followed with a tribute from the Foreign Mission Society. He spoke from the part of Hebrews 11 which says, "Moses chose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of Egypt." In Doctor Downie's case it would read, "He chose to suffer affliction with the Telugu people rather than to enjoy the comforts of America." He spoke beautifully of the transformed lives in India that were Doctor Downie's crown and of how the Board had loved and revered him. He gave a stirring call to any present who might feel God's call to follow in the footsteps of this great missionary. Following these tributes Doctor Handel said that undoubtedly Doctor Downie had felt that the time of his departure was close at hand. He had told his family that God had answered his prayer and allowed him to return safely to America, that he had seen them all and was happy with them, but now he was ready to go, that he wanted to see David. It is not possible for us to picture just what Doctor Downie is experiencing now, but we know that he was greeted by a host of Indian Christians who claimed him as their father in the faith, by his own loved ones, but best of all we know that now he has seen face to face the Christ whom he loved and served. Just here the soloist Mrs. Hassler sang "Face to Face," his favorite hymn. I do not need to tell you in India how that affected me. The many times we had sung it for him in Chambers' Hall and

elsewhere were tender memories indeed, but never was it more true than now, for instead of singing, "Face to face shall I behold Him," he can now sing, "Face to face *do* I behold Him." The benediction closed the service at the church.

At the cemetery the service was short and impressive. A prayer by Doctor Rider, a few remarks and a poem by Doctor Handel, the benediction, and it was over. The last thing that human hands and lips could do had been done. His body rests in that beautiful cemetery at the foot of the mountains only a few yards from the grave of David, his loved grandchild. He himself had picked out the place only a short time before he died, and it is fitting that his body should rest there awaiting the Resurrection morning, but I do not think any one who stood there felt that that was really Doctor Downie. His spirit had left the shell of a body and had soared to victory. Our thoughts too were lifted up and beyond the present, and our hearts praised God for such a life and for that blessed assurance of immortality.

I cannot add any personal word of tribute higher than the few brief sentences I have culled from the talks that were given. It seemed so beautiful to me that the three things that most stirred Doctor Downie's heart and claimed his deepest allegiance should have been so emphasized at his last service—Salvation and the Second Coming of Christ in Doctor Meyers' talk, and the call to missionary service given by Doctor Rider. He would have had it so, I am sure. Truly he could say, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." All is summed up in that verse and it only

remains to add the verse that was the closing word at the grave:

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord
That they may rest from their labors;
For their works do follow them.

Sunset and Evening Star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

PART II

TRIBUTES

I

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS IN AMERICA

AMERICAN BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY,
NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We have just received Doctor Stenger's telegram, informing us of the death of your dear husband. We immediately cabled to Mr. Stenger in Madras, and also telephoned to Mrs. Chambers. Mrs. Chambers informed me that she had already received a telegram from Doctor Stenger and that she was informing your grandchildren.

It seems to us very beautiful that Doctor Downie should have completed his service in India so happily, returned to America and met his friends here, then made the trip comfortably to Pasadena and met his daughter, son-in-law, grandchildren, and other friends there, enjoyed the days there so completely —as was evident from his letters to me—and then quietly, without a long illness, journeyed on to meet his Master.

Doctor Downie was the veteran missionary of The American Baptist Foreign Mission Society, and, therefore, in addition to the esteem in which he was held for his personal qualities and abilities, he held a unique place in the regard of the officers of the Society and the Board of Managers. As I have so

often said, Doctor Downie had been a continual inspiration and help to me through all the years that I have been Foreign Secretary. It was always stimulating to meet him and discuss with him theological, denominational, or missionary problems. His interests were so catholic, his spirit so kindly, and he was always so ready to appreciate the other man's view-point that it was a happy and broadening experience to discuss these great questions with him.

I remember how clear and alert his mind was as I talked with him at the home of Mrs. Chambers in Bronxville and again here in New York when we discussed together some of these problems of such tremendous import to the denomination and the advancement of the Kingdom of God. I remember, too, how wisely he advised me and how nobly he supported me on my first visit to India as Foreign Secretary in 1917-18. He was so forward-looking in his ideas of mission policy and administration, and in that first Conference, after I had recommended the plan of Appropriations in Gross, he was the first missionary to support me in a speech on the Conference floor. We all know also how clearly he had recognized the importance of better administration in the South India Mission and how ably he advocated the appointment of a Field Secretary for that great Mission.

Doctor Downie was indeed one of God's true noblemen, and his children and grandchildren have a great heritage in such a father and grandfather. Our prayer is that the dear heavenly Father may come very close to you and may surround you with

the great heart of his love, and thus strengthen and comfort you in your sorrow.

Very sincerely yours,

JOSEPH C. ROBBINS,
Foreign Secretary.

From the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia:

AUGUST 8, 1927.

MRS. DAVID DOWNIE,
1512 ROSE VILLA STREET,
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

Dear Mrs. Downie:

At the regular church service held on Sunday, August 7, 1927, on motion, duly seconded, the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia voted to record on the minutes the fact of the death of Dr. David Downie on July 19, 1927. The church feels deeply the loss of a personality so closely attached to the spiritual life of this church as was his, and wishes by vote to express its sympathy to Mrs. Downie. We recognize that he was not of our fellowship when God called him home, but we sorrow as if he were.

On behalf of the Church,

Sincerely yours,

JOHN LANGDON JONES, *Clerk.*

It is with deep regret that this week our calendar is issued without the name of David Downie, D. D., as Foreign Mission Pastor. Doctor Downie, in his visit to our country during the pastorate of Dr.

Carter Helm Jones, preached for the church one Sunday morning, and it was at that time that he was placed on the calendar in his honorary capacity. It was a matter of great interest to him. Again and again have we heard him express his appreciation of the feeling it gave him while at his work on the foreign field that he occupied this honorary position to the historical First Baptist Church of Philadelphia. His letters from time to time have always been gracious. The letter of Mr. Jones in reference to the church action last Sunday at Communion, along with last Sunday's calendar, have been sent to Mrs. Downie.

First Baptist Church, Los Angeles:

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

I hardly know whether to offer you my sympathy on the unspeakable loss you have sustained or to congratulate you on Doctor Downie's promotion. No words of mine can tell your loss or his gain and in a little while we will share it all with him. His steady, quiet, heroic life of service is a monument more enduring than granite. God bless you and make the evening of your own life like the morning of the new day.

Your friend,
JAMES A. FRANCIS, *Pastor.*

SAVED BY GRACE

Some day the silver cord will break,
And I no more, as now shall sing;
But, oh, the joy when I shall wake
Within the palace of the King.

Some day my earthly house will fall,
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,
But this I know—my All in All
Has now a place in heaven for me.

Some day when fades the rosy sun
Beneath the rosy tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day, 'till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate
My soul to Him may take its flight.

And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace;
And I shall see Him face to face,
And tell the story—Saved by grace.

The International Medical Missionary Society:

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 15, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Through our mutual friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elwood, I have heard of the death of dear Doctor Downie, and hasten to express the sympathy of my husband and myself in your great bereavement.

From what I hear, I imagine that he was living in constant expectation of a summons from the Master. And surely a triumphant entrance must have been given him! I had so hoped that we might have seen you again at dear Mountain Rest, our memories of your last visit are so comforting. It was such a joy to see his evident delight in the society of those who were about their Master's business, and his buoyant, radiant temperament was a delight to the whole big family.

Well, dear friend, we shall look forward to a meeting with your loved one, and with many others of our friends who have gone on before us.

Meanwhile may true courage and confidence in the never-failing love of our heavenly Father be your constant solace and delight!

My husband joins with me in love and sympathy to you, and to the dear members of your family circle.

Very sincerely yours,

FRANCES E. CLEVELAND.

PASADENA, AUGUST 17, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Words seem inadequate as I try to express my appreciation of dear Doctor Downie's beautiful life spent in the service of God and man, a life that will always be an inspiration to those who knew him.

More than half a century in close contact with the awful sin and wretchedness of heathenism had not dimmed his faith nor the sunniness of his spirit. After the age when most men feel that they should cease from toil and care, he wrote his delightful *History of the Telugu Mission,* a mission that has more of romance in it than any other I know of and to which you and your family devoted your lives—a wonderful record of father and mother, three daughters, and two sons-in-law, all forsaking America for scorching, sin-cursed, idolatrous India. His departure was beautiful. Surely he was the beloved of the Lord, for his last days were full of peace and joy at seeing his loved ones in the homeland, and like Simeon of old, he was ready to depart. I shall never

forget the last time I saw him, when out for a drive with you and his grandchildren. His happy, loving face looked scarcely a day older, and the same merry twinkle was in his eye as when years ago some one called him an " octogeranium."

It is sweet to think of his last Sabbath on earth, attending preaching service both morning and evening, riding out on Monday and gently falling asleep in your arms on Tuesday afternoon like a babe on his mother's breast. How tenderly you cared for him through all the years. His long life and the keenness of his faculties at the advanced age of eighty-nine years were due to your self-forgetful care and tender ministry to his health and happiness. Soon I think we will see him again in his glorified body with the smile of the Saviour upon him, and surrounded by redeemed ones who might never be in heaven had it not been for the love and sacrifices of the Downie family. God bless you all. Our hearts are with you, and with you we cherish the memory of the loved one who has gone a little before us.

With sincerest love and sympathy,

LOUISA E. BARNES.

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA,
JULY 22, 1927.

MRS. DAVID DOWNIE,
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA.

Dear Sister Downie:

Word from Pasadena brings us the news of the death of your dear husband and our beloved Brother Downie.

We feel that we must write you a few lines conveying and expressing to your our warmest love and sincerest heartfelt sympathy in this time of loneliness and great loss.

I know you know where to go for help and comfort in just such a time as this, and I am sure God will not fail you now when you specially need him.

It is a comfort to us to know that all this did not come to pass when you were on your way from the Orient, but God was good to let you reach the homeland and be among your loved ones and many friends here.

We were hoping we might be able to see our dear Brother Downie some time here in this world, but that is not to be, but a grander and better privilege will be ours over there in that beautiful land where the inhabitants never grow old and where none ever have to say, We are sick.

What a glad and unending reunion there will be over there some blessed day by-and-by, and I am sure that same thought and sure fact will cheer and comfort you as you wait in the little while between.

Yes, a great loss has surely come to you, but, oh, what an infinite gain has come to him! Today he is with his Lord whom he loved so well, and whom he has served so wonderfully these many years. What a great and blessed reward will be his when the final reckoning time comes. He has ceased from his labors, but bless God, his works do follow him, and will until that glad day when time shall be no more.

Life's work well done,
Life's race well run,
Life's crown well won—
Now comes rest.

He is not lost, just gone on a little before, and while earth is poorer, yet, Heaven is richer because of it.

Yours in the blessed hope,

B. B. JACQUES AND WIFE.

DEAR PRECIOUS OLD FRIEND:

That long, dear letter told me all I wanted to know—really I had followed you all the way with my tender sympathy, so that it all seemed so real. I am glad that the Pasadena Church and the Mission Board gave due honor to your noble husband—but oh, dear one, what a greeting he must have received in the Glorious Kingdom from the thousands to whom he had offered the "Waters of Life" for fifty-four years. How many go over the river each year and how many are left, and to you, dear friend, there is much left after your rest. Rest your tired body, and rest your soul on the Comforter. As I think, your most valuable service will be prayer.

With my love to the family, and much to you, dear one,

Yours,

KATE W. CHAMBERS.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1927.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND:

Your card of the 22nd was awaiting my return after a few days' absence.

Our dear friend has gone, and I sorrow with you and yours, and rejoice also because he has gone "to meet his beloved Lord," as you write in your letter.

I feel that I have lost a very dear friend, one whom I shall miss. I was already thinking of the pleasure it would be to see him again, and your own dear self, when next I should be in California.

You must feel the sympathy that is yours from the large circle of friends around the world.

Dear friend, accept my love and sincere sympathy for yourself and family. I shall think of you often and know that you are very much comforted by the memory of many years of companionship. As we grow older and lose our dear ones we have our beautiful memories to comfort and sustain. Doctor and Mrs. Stenger and the children will be of great comfort to you.

I thank you very much for sending me the message.

Accept again my love and sympathy.

Affectionately,

MARGUERITE G. STRONG.

The following letter is from Dr. W. W. Keen who for many years has been a very great friend of the family in Philadelphia:

WOODS' HOLE, MASS.,
JULY 30, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

What a comfort Christian faith is in the days of sorrow and adversity.

I had not heard of Doctor Downie's death until your letter came to me.

It is a blessing to him, and you can look confi-

dently forward to an unending reunion before long. I have waited for over forty-one years for that blessed reunion with my dear wife. Each passing year brings it nearer, and I cherish that thought—but it has been a long long waiting.

Each day she is in my heart, and I bless God that I ever knew such a saint, and that soon we shall be reunited never again to part.

Thank you for your kind letter.

God bless and comfort you.

Yours sincerely,

W. W. KEEN.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

And Doctor and Mrs. Stenger and the three children. I have been thinking of you all with much loving sympathy for I know how sorely you miss him, even though he was so ready to go. I am glad that he made the long journey to California safely. Having been in the home there with you all he will continue to seem a part of your daily life, even though you do not see his dear, familiar form.

I count it one of the blessings of my life to have known him and now to have the memory of it. To all of you I send my best wishes for God's abiding peace and onward look through the days ahead.

Sincerely your friend,

NELLIE G. PRESCOTT.

JULY 30, 1927.

MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., JULY 30, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We were greatly saddened by the news from Mrs. Chambers, that dear Doctor Downie had passed away. I look back to that little call you made only a few weeks ago with pleasure, and it was a benediction. It brought back to me, especially, the visits you and the Doctor made to our home when Father and Mother entered so heartily into the work you and Doctor Downie were doing in India. You will accept from both of us our tenderest sympathy in this time of your great bereavement. With much love,

A. S. BIRLINGHAM.

COLBY HOMESTEAD, NEW LONDON,
NEW HAMPSHIRE, AUGUST 3, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Little did I think when I last wrote you of the great sorrow which had come to you! Your letter has now come telling me the particulars of Doctor Downie's going. What a sad experience you have had to endure, and yet one which you probably realized might have to come to you before long. When we saw Doctor Downie in May we felt that he was very feeble in spite of his indomitable spirit. It is a glorious relief for him from the weakness of advanced years, but I can well imagine how empty your heart and hands feel at the present. What a wonderful work he did, and what a wonderful reward he will have in his heavenly home! I treasure

his book the *History of the Lone Star Mission* which he recently sent me. How he will be missed in India!

Thank you for letting me know of the beautiful funeral service.

I am so glad you are with your family. Give my love to Alice. It pleases me to remember the little glimpse I had of her when in California last spring. Dear Mrs. Downie, I send you much love. I am sure you will be strengthened and consoled with heavenly consolation in all you have to bear.

Affectionately yours,

MARY COLGATE.

II

TRIBUTES FROM MEMBERS OF THE FAMILY

My Father

Shall I tell you what he is,
  This father dear of mine?
A man of sterling character
  So noble, true and fine!

Shall I tell you what he does,
  This father dear of ours?
With his whole true heart he loves
  And serves with all his powers.

Ah, truest type of father,
  Of manhood pure and fine!
Through thee I found the God love,
  That Fatherhood divine!

Although I could write reams about my happy memories of a wonderful father, I will only mention three events that stand out preeminently in my mind.

The first was when a child of seven, I went to him with the question, "Father, what do you mean by having faith in God?" The carriage stood in front of the door with a new pony hitched to it. Father had tested the animal, but I had never ridden behind it. Father said, "Will you go out driving with me?" I replied, "I'd love to do so!" "Are you not afraid that the pony will run away or hurt you?" "Why no, Father, because you are going to drive!" "Well, Alice, that is faith. And faith in God means that you are not afraid to travel with God because he

holds the reins and you believe that he can protect you and guide you aright." I have never forgotten his words and I have never lost my faith in God nor doubted his inspired word.

The second instance was in regard to dancing. I was very fond of dancing but father did not approve of it. He did not forbid me to dance but told me frankly his reasons for objecting to it. He then asked me to keep from it till I was eighteen. My love and respect for him was so great that I promised to do this. When I became eighteen I saw things as he did, and so decided against dancing. I mention this as an example of the tactful and reasonable way in which my father dealt with me. This same reasonableness was shown in the fact that he never interfered with us in the discipline of our children, even though we lived in their home for five years. I have often been very thankful for this tactfulness on the part of both Father and Mother.

The third instance was the way in which he led me to make another great decision, the greatest, probably next to that of deciding to become a Christian. When the question came up, after my marriage to Doctor Stenger, as to where we should work, I said, "Anywhere in the Telugu Mission except Hanumakonda and Ongole." There were subconscious reasons dating years back, which made me feel that I could never live in either of those two places. After five years of service in Nellore, the Mission asked Doctor Stenger to go first to Hanumakonda and then to Ongole. When I heard of it, I felt as though all the powers had conspired against me, and I flatly refused to go to either place. At the

time of my refusal, Father was sitting in the moonlight in front of the dear old bungalow at Nellore. He called to me to come and sit down beside him. Mother and Jesse left us alone. Father then talked to me very lovingly and gently about being willing to go where there was need of our service. He ended up by saying: "You should forget the past and go with Jesse to work in these two places where God is calling you to go. You should not hinder Jesse when there is need for him to go to these places." He then prayed so earnestly and tenderly, that when he finished, I said, "Father I will go!" I shall never cease to be thankful that Father led me in this way, because the years of service in both places were a source of blessing and joy to me.

I am so thankful that Father was permitted to come home and spend his last few weeks with us. His gentle, loving presence was a benediction to us all, and the younger children now have a vivid memory of him whereas it was very hazy before. Father enjoyed the children and was so full of fun with them. He was constantly telling them funny stories and jokes. He enjoyed their music and their friends. Our little Beth said to me: "Mother, you said we would have to keep quiet when Dada came because we would disturb him, but Dada is so full of fun himself, we don't have to keep quiet. He is so dear and jolly." It was good to see Father's delight in being in America again, and he took a keen interest in everything he saw. He enjoyed the radio, and was greatly pleased when he was able to hear Lindbergh's speech in Washington. His greatest joy, however, was in going to church and listening to

the fine music and the strong sermons. Mrs. Hasler brought much joy to him with her sweet singing, and he often spoke about it. No matter how tired he was, he always wanted to go to church both morning and evening because he enjoyed Doctor Meyers' preaching so much.

The last two weeks of Father's life he was very quiet, and seemed to be walking apart. He evidently thought a great deal about heaven, as he sat in our living-room and gazed at the mountains. So often he said to me: "Alice, God has been very good. He answered my prayers and brought us safely home. He permitted me to see you all again, and we have had such good times together. Now I am ready to go home to him. I want to see David." Just a short time before he left us he said: "I am glad I came! I am glad I came!"

We miss him, oh, so much, and the longing to see his dear face again is almost more than we can bear, but for his sake we are glad that he is safe at home with the Lord he loved and served so faithfully. We are so thankful that God answered his prayers and took him quickly while his intellect was still keen. The two things he dreaded were losing his faculties and being bedridden, and I thank God that he was spared these two things.

ALICE DOWNIE STENGER.

MADRAS, JULY 25, 1927.

DEAR MAMMA:

The cable came telling of Papa's death. Of course I knew I should never see you again, when I said good-bye at the Madras Station, but, all the same, it

was a shock and made us feel strangely tired. Annie Magilton, Doctor Benjamin, Miss Holman, and Doctor Degenring, were all here and shared the news, and then I wired it to A. C. Veeraswamy, of Nellore, as I knew he was the closest of your Telugu children. His letter was very sweet, and I am sure all Nellore and Coonoor are grieving and yet—rejoicing. Those feelings cannot help but be mixed. A grand old man has gone—we shall miss him sadly, and how very lonesome you will be when alone. In the home you will have Alice and the young people, but in your room you will miss his presence and miss doing things for him, but God has taken him from the evils and he is happy and well again.

Lovingly,

MINNIE.

BISHOPVILLE, VEPERY, MADRAS,
JULY 26, 1927.

DEAR MOTHER:

We are still in a sort of a dream and unable to realize that Father has taken his rest. The cable reached us about midnight and next morning I wrote a little for the *Mail*. That had to be in the *Mail* Office by 11.00, but I wanted to get it in at once so that your many friends would know. This is what I wrote.

A GREAT MISSIONARY

DEATH OF DR. D. DOWNIE

News has been received by cable of the death in Pasadena, California, U. S. A., of Dr. David Downie,

THE STENGER-DOWNIE FAMILY

For description see note on page 122

who, with Mrs. Downie, left India in March of this year after having spent fifty-four years of their life in this country. Born in Glasgow, Doctor Downie came to New York while still a boy. His early years were spent in work in New York. He began his studies long after the time when most young men do, but pursued them with a great determination, and graduated from Brown University and the Rochester Theological Seminary. On arrival in India the Downies were sent to Nellore, which was the center of their efforts until the time came for them to lead a quieter life on the hills. For several years they made their home in Coonoor for the greater part of the year, while maintaining an active interest in all the work of the American Baptist Telugu Mission, and had been accustomed each cool season to spend a few weeks on the plains visiting the scenes of their more active days. The Nellore field, in the early years of Doctor Downie's work, included besides the present Nellore field, the fields now known as Allur, Kavali, Atmakur, and Udayagiri, and strenuous pioneer work was carried on in all that territory. Doctor and Mrs. Downie had been in the country but a short time when the great famine of 1876-78 swept down upon 58 millions of the Indian people. Perhaps many may not realize that in the Madras Presidency alone a million people were engaged in relief work, and a second million were sustained gratuitously. When the Mansion House Fund was organized, Doctor Downie served upon the Nellore Committee with Mr. J. Grose, who was at that time Collector in Nellore, and distributed personally an aggregate sum of Rs. 250,000 in addition to smaller

sums sent out independently of the Mansion House funds.

Doctor Downie was Treasurer of the American Baptist Telugu Mission for practically the entire period of his work in Nellore, and in addition to his other activities he always kept a close and sympathetic touch with all the educational movements in the Presidency, being for many years a Fellow of the Madras University. Throughout his career as a missionary Doctor Downie was a man of large vision, and his heart beat warm and true for every interest of India and her people. Doctor Downie is survived by Mrs. Downie and two daughters, Mrs. S. W. Stenger, of Madras, and Mrs. J. W. Stenger, now residing in Pasadena, California, U. S. A.[1]

No more this time, but love from us both,

WILMER.

From our oldest grandchild, the daughter of Minnie and Wilmer Stenger:

ROCKBROOK CAMP, BREWARD, N. C.
JULY 22, 1927.

DARLING DANNIR:

The news came just now through "Crow's Nest" that Dada has left us. Oh, I wish you were not so

[1] A reproduction of a photograph of the Stenger-Downie Family appears opposite page 120. The persons appearing in that photograph are as follows, reading from left to right:

Front row: Carolyn Colby, Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Stenger, Dr. Downie, Elsie Downie Stenger, Mrs. Downie, Bruce McAuslan Stenger, Annie Elizabeth Stenger, Alice Downie Stenger (Mrs. J. W.), David Downie Stenger, Robert William Stenger.

Center row: Delbert Colby, Nyra Colby, Grace Stenger Colby, Rev. Seth Wilmer Stenger, Minnie Downie Stenger (Mrs. S. W.), Margaret Stenger, Jesse W. Stenger, M. D.

Back row: Rev. Clyde Colby, Elbert Downie Stenger, Katherine Chambers Stenger.

Katherine, Elbert, Margaret and Bruce are the children of Rev. and Mrs. S. W. Stenger. David, Robert, Elsie, and Beth are the children of Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Stenger.

far away—I can't write what I want to say—or what I feel—it would be so much better if we could get together and talk, or just love each other.

Why, it was only this morning I wrote Dada a little birthday note—I can't believe he is gone. But, Dannir, what a glorious memory the memory of his beautiful life—as grand and noble as the mountains. Somehow I can't help but be happy that he went now—that he didn't have to linger on in sickness, as do so many.

Strange, almost significant it seems to me that in the same mail should come a clipping from Mummy containing a summary of reasons for belief in the resurrection of Jesus Christ—this is a problem that has been very real to me recently, for some reason or other—every book I pick up makes me wonder if the things we lay such stress on are worth it, after all, how can we neglect the soul the way we do. The "we" doesn't include you—I'm speaking of myself and those my age.

How glad I am that we knew you and Dada when we were little, and that we can look back on the old days in India, especially at Bijou and Woodhouselee with so much happiness and fondness. Dada was always so kind and full of fun—never too high above to play with us. My one regret is that it was not possible for us to see each other, on your return. But remember, Dannir dear, that I love you and am thinking of you, even if I can't be with you.

Your

KAY.

TALCOTT HALL, OBERLIN, O.
JULY 24, 1927.

DEAREST GRANDMOTHER OF MINE:

It was so wonderful to get your letter a few days ago, saying how happy you and Dada both were and how you enjoyed being with Uncle and Auntie and everything. I just longed to be with you, and Mrs. Chambers' card telling me that Dada had been taken away came as an awful shock. It is very sad for all who knew our wonderful Dada, and yet there is no one who deserved more than he, a rest. You two have been a great inspiration to me, Dannir, with your long, happy lives together, so full of service to Jesus and to the world—and it is my greatest ambition to carry on the work you started and made such a success of.

Good-bye for now, Dannir. I love you so much and think of you all the time.

Your own

MARGARET.

From a dearly loved niece:

JULY 25, 1927.

MY DEAR AUNT ANNIE:

Mrs. Curtis, who is here, came up and told us that "she had heard of the death of Doctor Downie, which had taken place on the 19th." We had written him birthday greetings which you will have received ere this. No mention was made of the cause of death. We very naturally think that it must have been his heart.

I had only recently received your good letter telling of your journey, safe arrival, and pleasant accommodations in Alice's home.

I am so thankful that you arrived safely, and that he had those weeks of rest and happiness with Alice and family. I knew how much he would enjoy the children. He would miss David, and now he has gone on the last great journey, and is at home for evermore, never more to go out. And how long and fine a life has thus come to its close here on earth, to open with the joy of the "Welcome Home" over yonder!

We think that there could not have been a very long illness, and that will be a comfort to you. We trust that there was little or no suffering—just a happy farewell to the loved ones on earth, and a warm welcome home by the loved ones gone on before, and all the joy of reunion, crowned by his Lord's "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

I know how lonely you must be; how great the sense of loss is: how it will grow with the passing of time.

But, dear Auntie, I am thankful, very thankful, that he was taken first. For though it will be hard for you without him, it would have been much harder for him, had you been the first to go away. It has been your privilege to minister to him to the very last, and that in itself will be your reward.

And too, you have the children to interest you, and they will be a very great comfort, I know. It is hard to have him go first, but I am sure that it would have been even harder for you had you known

that you must go first and leave him alone. So "He doeth all things well." Let us be comforted in his joy, and in the forward look that is ours. That last visit in Dindigul will be a happy memory. How little we could anticipate, any of us, the tremendous changes that were so soon to come to us all! And yet we must believe that in some way, it is all to work out for the best.

I need not point you to the only source of comfort. That you have learned well, long since. We are assured that you will have His tenderest care and loving presence with you all the day, and all the way.

We rejoice with you and the family, in the wonderful life of long and faithful service that was his: of the great work which he accomplished. That is now your "joy and crown of rejoicing." May the joy of the Lord comfort your heart, as you think back over those wonderful years of service together.

You know that you have our hearts' love and sympathy. That your loss is also ours.

Yours,

AGNES ELWOOD.

36 BROOKFIELD ROAD,
EAST PROVIDENCE, JULY 27, 1927.

DEAR AUNT ANNIE:

We were greatly surprised and shocked on receiving the news of Uncle David's passing out of this life. It was so unexpected for he had been so blessed with long life and vigor that we never thought of his going, although we knew of course that he could not live many more years. I am sure you are not

able to realize yet that he is gone, and I am so sorry when I think of what his absence will mean to you, who have been his strong right arm for so many years. But I know you will be brave and strong in the knowledge of God's love and the assurance that in his own good time we shall be gathered home and have to bear no more partings.

I am glad that he was spared the pain of bidding sad farewells—it was a good way to go when he had to.

I will look for word from you about the funeral and any newspaper notices about it.

I suppose you have written (or will do so) to the Keeper of the Records at Brown University. I was over that way today and went into the office and told them about it and said that you would probably write and give them particulars. I gave them the date and place of his death, and the year of his graduation, all of which they made note of.

I presume that a letter I wrote you a few weeks ago reached you all right. I am glad I answered Uncle David's letter quite promptly. I will write to you again when I hear from you. Jessie and the girls join me in love to you all.

Your nephew,

DAVID T. DOWNIE.

This is the last David Downie in the family. All through the years there have been several, but now there is but one to carry on the honored name.

This letter is grouped with the family's because Mr. Downie was treated as a son in the Locke home:

La Jolla, California,
July 22, 1927.

My Dear, My Dear:

Can it be that our David has gone to his reward? Am more than sorry not to be with you today, my tears flow with yours in the quiet of my home, during the time of the service. On bended knees I thank our Father for that precious meeting in New York. I cherish the memory of the warm embrace, the gifted prayer, which brought us close to our Lord, and the rich tone of the familiar forceful voice in praise and thanksgiving. It is another break in my family circle, for David was always a big brother to me. It was a joy to be the first to greet him in the homeland, and a joy to anticipate that he will be among the first to greet us in the Glory land—I like the thought that "birth and death are the parenthesis marks in God's eternal sentence."

It is so hard to put into the ground the precious clay. We know the spirit is not there, but we loved the body so dear to us.

Among those rich blesseds we have a new vision when we realize that they who mourn are blessed—for we have a deepening sense of the Divine benefactor. What do people have for a staff without Him? What would you and I do, dear heart, without the benefactor? Am so thankful you have this strong arm upon which to lean. Now, anticipation becomes our chief joy. I knew David could not be with us a great while; his going was a shock, however.

God bless, and keep you is my prayer, more earnestly offered than any time in past.

Always your own sister,

KATHARINE D. LOCKE.

WAUWATOSA, WIS.
AUGUST 11, 1927.

MY DEAR AUNT ANNIE:

When we received word that Uncle David had gone Home, it seemed scarcely possible that he had gone on. Not only have we thought of him for so many years as definitely fixed and constant in his life-work, but not having seen him for a number of years we have been thinking of him as we knew him, in apparent excellent physical health.

However, we cannot sorrow very much for him, for the end of a life so well completed is a cause of thankfulness. And there is no doubt at all that he has indeed gone home to the heavenly Father, and the Saviour for whom he had done such a splendid work.

We do sorrow with those who are left behind, however, for they must always sorrow at the loss and the separation. Most of all we want to send our love and sympathy to you. We know that even in spite of the ties here below, strong and holding though they be, you have a forward look too, to a happy and secure hereafter. I suppose that as we get older and realize that life cannot keep on indefinitely, all people come to have definite feelings about the future. It is a great satisfaction to be

able to take the forward look with trust and confidence. How dreadful it must be for those who have not tried to build a little of worth into their lives, after finding a Saviour in whom to trust!

We would very much like to see you and talk over many things, for our Aunt Annie has a very warm place in our hearts. We think of you very often.

With our love,

ARTHUR J. ROWLAND.

III

LETTERS FROM OUR INDIAN SONS AND DAUGHTERS

Thank God for the dear ones safe today,
Safe at home on the happy shore,
Where the smiles of the Father beam for aye,
And the shadow of pain shall fall no more.
Thank God for the hearts that have done with sin,
For the eyes that shall never be blind with tears,
Thank God for the beautiful, entered in
To the perfect rest of the deathless years.

Thank God today for the hope sublime
Which fills our souls in the darkest hours;
Thank God that the transient cares of time
Are wreathed in glory of fadeless flowers;
Thank God for the rift in the desolate grave,
'Tis the Soldier's couch, not the captive's prison;
He hallowed its portal, who died to save,
And we write o'er its arch, " The Lord is risen."

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The above hymn was sent to me by one of our Indian sons, M. William. I have put the letters from some of our Indian sons and daughters next to the ones written by members of our family for they belong to our great Indian family and in a very real sense are our own sons and daughters, having been brought up by us.

NELLORE, SOUTH INDIA,
JULY 27, 1927.

MY DEAR AND PRECIOUS MOTHER:

Sister Minnemah sent me a telegram on the 21st morning conveying the very sad news of Father's departure from this world. What a shock it has been to all of us, and especially to me, as he looked so very fresh and cheerful when I saw him at Madras last March, that I never thought that he would leave us so soon. I did not at all like that you should go away from India at this stage of your lifetime, and though we were all very sad to see you go, yet none of us would protest against it, for the simple reason that we loved you very dearly and had the highest regard and respect for your plans. And moreover, we knew that you would never do a thing without much prayer and due consideration. So, it has been the Lord's will that Father should be promoted to the glory, after seeing Sister Aliceammah and children, his old friends and relatives in the homeland. Sister Alice Stenger is really fortunate in having Father with her in her own home and minister unto him during his last days in this world. I hope Father has had a peaceful and happy end without much suffering. He expected the Lord to come and take us all unto him; failing that he would have a peaceful end without being bedridden for a long time. I am sure God granted his request.

As soon as we got the telegram, all our hearts went forward to you in loving sympathy and cried out to our heavenly Father, "Lord, won't thou sus-

tain and keep our precious mother safe and sound throughout this great affliction and bereavement?" Almost all our people—both young and old—at Nellore are praying for you, and so, we are quite sure that He will be quite near you and see you safe through this grief, comfort and bless you with enough strength and good health, so that you may continue to be our very dear, much beloved and ever loving MOTHER for many more years to come.

Father used to cheer me up every now and then when I went to the office in the mornings with the greeting, "Well, Rajah, how do you do this morning?" "Doing all right, thank you, Sir," used to be my stereotyped reply to him. Then, with a big hearty laugh he would say, "That is right, let us give our pens some exercise." He loved me so very dearly that I could not and would not forget him under any circumstances throughout my lifetime. The thirty or more years I worked as his assistant in his office at Nellore, have been the most happy years of my life. My regard, respect, love, and gratitude toward him have been so boundless and great and of such a nature that I counted it a rare privilege to serve under my own father-benefactor. Oh, what a delightful and beneficial time it has been to me! What spiritual and moral lessons he had been silently imparting to me both in and outside the office, just by his noble, upright Christian character and purity of mind and purpose. Why, he was nobility himself. A more kind-hearted, compassionate, hard-working, honest, upright, and ever loving missionary I have not seen. He had been "A

Great Missionary" as the *Madras Mail* calls or honors him in its issue of the 22nd instant, and lots more.

With plenty of love, dear mother,

Most sympathizingly yours,

A. C. VEERASWAMY.

SUBHADARPETT, NELLORE, S. INDIA,
AUGUST 18, 1927.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

I have been wanting to write to you for a very long time, but I did not know what I should write. I have been praying for you ever since I heard the sad news. I know that it is very hard to be separated from those whom we love dearly, even if it is for a short time. But the great hope we have should cheer us up. We know that we will all meet again some blessed day. We are of all the people most blessed to have the great hope of reunion.

We know also that heaven is a far better place for Father Downie than any other place in this world. In fact we know that it is the best place for everybody, that thought also should comfort us.

Many times Father expressed his desire to be in heaven. In all his sermons that I attended he used to bring out that desire. I thought his favorite hymns were "Face to Face with Christ My Saviour," and "Some Day the Silver Cord Will Break."

My parents, sisters and brothers send their love to you. We are all praying that God may comfort you soon. Please give the enclosed letter to Mrs.

Stenger. I have written to Mrs. M. D. Stenger also.

With much love,

Yours affectionately,

ALICE R. VEERASWAMY.

The daughter of A. C. Veeraswamy, who having completed her college course and taken Government Normal training, is now Head Mistress in the Nellore Girls' High School.

NELLORE 11. 8. 27.

MY DEAR AND RESPECTED MOTHER:

Both Sarahmah and myself and our whole family deeply sympathize with you in the great loss you have sustained in the separation of our dear and venerable father. Though we cannot comfort you in any way in this trial, we can assure you that we are all, the whole church and the missionaries, praying for you and for all the dear family which is thus bereaved. Our heavenly Father has been gracious to use Father Downie in his noble service of saving souls in India, for so many years, and now in that He has taken him to be with Him forever, He did the very best thing for you and for all of us. We will all soon meet together when we see Jesus yonder face to face. In Nellore, father has made a great mark. I don't mean the various buildings he has erected, splendid as they are, but the regenerated souls whom he has been the means to bring into the Kingdom of God, are the living monuments of his faithful life and his evangelical preaching of the

cross. John 3:3 and John 3:16 are the texts which he used so frequently in his sermons. It is that Gospel of Grace that saved me and made me a partaker of the gospel blessings. It is the personal interest of yours that made us what we are now by the grace of God.

Dear Mother, I want you to cheer up. The Lord is with you. His blessing is with you, and He will still lead you on. He has much work for you yet in your native land for the Kingdom of India. By your prayer, by your life, and by your pen you will continue to serve Him and His cause.

Pray for us. You will praise the Lord that a revival has just begun again in our church. Prayers are made in many homes, confessions are made to God and to one another. The whole church is unanimously desiring me again to be their pastor. I am now in prayer to lead me in this matter. If it is His will I will accept the call again. God bless you, and Doctor and Mrs. Stenger, and all the children.

I am yours most obediently,

A. P. VEERASWAMY.

SUBEDARPETT, NELLORE, 11, 8, '27.

DEAR MOTHER:

We regret very much to hear the death of father, but the first thought that struck me was that father must have met and seen Robert, Annie, and Elsie, and David, and must be mighty glad to commune with them and a host of other beloved ones—Rev. Subbiah, Rev. D. Narasiah who had departed before to that desired place. From my Sunday school for

the blind, Nagamma, Atchamma received the news with a thrill, and they all offered prayers to the Almighty last Sunday to comfort you in this heavy loss. We trust the Lord will heal the wound and give you the needed courage and strength to bear this. We look with joy upon your work in Nellore, it shows what an amount of sacrifice you took to establish it, and it remains forever. We give our love to Aliceamma, Doctor Stenger, and children. May God bless you, is our earnest prayer.

With much love,

Your loving daughter,

A. Sarah Veeraswamy.

Subhadarpett, Nellore,
August 31, 1927.

Our Dear Mother:

We hardly find words to express you our feelings at present. Perhaps we have delayed to write to you, but don't think we were not thinking of you. Let us first ask you how you are. We know and believe our loving Father in heaven is with you every moment. It is a great comfort that you are with dear Mrs. Stenger, your daughter, and the darling children.

We received the last letter written by Father Downie on the 30th of July. It is a thing to be thought of over and over again—to read his letter here in this world when he is there in the other world. We know and we are even grateful to you for we received much blessing from you from our childhood. We love to think of our dear ones there

in our "Home" with our Saviour who is the Comforter of the ones that are left here.

As we were thinking of father's death, we thought of God's wonderful plan for you, to take him first. It would have been a great sorrow for Father Downie if it had been the opposite thing. But it has been your portion to bear it. We pray that His loving arm may uphold you and give you His comfort and calm. We need not write you much about it—but please take our sympathy and consolation. God bless you and keep you from all that is painful and sorrowful. His peace will rest on you.

Please, every day pray and pray for us and the church. We always want to follow His footsteps, we want to go according to His wonderful will. The gospel work is being done very promptly. There are ten churches established in our field. The schools and the hospital are getting on all right.

Our children are all well and after Father's death we had a special meeting at our house for you and yours with our united love and earnest prayers.

Yours very lovingly,

PHENICE AND NARASIAH.

JAMES GARDEN, STONEHOUSEPET,
NELLORE, 25-7-27.

MY DEAR MOTHER:

We are very sorry to know the sad news of the death of father. Father was expecting for the coming of our Lord and Master Jesus to meet him, but we don't know the coming of Christ and God alone knows it.

We are sure that father is with Christ now in heaven, and he is very happy, and we hope to meet him some day when our work is over here on earth. Father has finished his work on earth, and he was needed in heaven. We are human, and so we feel very sorry for his not being with us. We know that we are travelers in this world, and we should go to our Father some day when our work is finished to be with Him.

Although father is dead yet he is living. His work on earth shall stand. The monuments he has built in Nellore and the establishments of all the Mission Schools and the Hospital always speak of him and remember his goodness.[1] He did much good to the people of Nellore, especially to me and to my wife he did so much. But for not his kindness, I would not have been in this condition now, and there are innumerable instances like this. So father is not really dead, but he is ever living. He went to tell the story to Jesus face to face.

Father as a matter of fact when he was in Nellore never used to ask any one in Chambers Hall, and his sermons always have been very impressive, and I always remember his beloved verse in Bible, John 3:16. And he is fond of some special songs when

[1] A model of the Nellore Compound appears opposite page 140. The buildings shown are as follows:

1. The Chapel, built by Dr. Downie.
2. The Bungalow built by Mr. Day.
3. The Young Ladies' Bungalow, built by Dr. Downie.
4. The Annie Kennard Downie Caste Converts' Home, built by Dr. Downie.
5. The Girls' Grade School, built by Dr. Downie.
6. The Girls' Normal School, built by Dr. Downie.
7. The Bucknell Memorial, used as High School, built by Dr. Downie.
8. The Practice School, built by Dr. Downie.

This compound is the Memorial to Dr. Downie to which Mr. William refers in his letter.

he used to sing in Chambers Hall—one is "Blessed Assurance," "Face to Face," "Abide with Me," but of all hymns, he has a special liking for the hymn "Saved by Grace"—that was his beloved song—and so, dear Mother, when we remember all these things, we always feel that he is not dead but he is still living.

I cannot forget father and his goodness to me—so also, I cannot forget you and your goodness to me and to my family.

Is it to me alone? No, to every one Christian in Nellore. We are very grateful and thankful to both you and father.

Now we feel time has come to show our gratitude and thankfulness to you and to father for this happy time in Nellore. Our loss is his gain. He will know no more the burdens and sorrows of this life, but is today very happy in the presence of our Saviour and waiting to welcome us all as we complete our life's work. Please do not sorrow overmuch for him. We have to look forward to meet him in the better land. All of us have our loved ones there. I am not worthy, Mother dear, to comfort you, I know that you know better to comfort others. May God bless you and comfort you is my prayer.

The establishment of different schools and hospital in Nellore for the spread of gospel are ever memorable for you.

He has finished his work here and God is pleased with his work and pleased to call him unto Himself.

May God bless you, comfort you is our prayer.

Most obedient son in Christ,

M. WILLIAM.

A PICTURE OF A MODEL OF THE NELLORE COMPOUND

Made Out of Standard Oil Kerosene Tins, by Mr. M. William

A Teacher in the High School at Nellore

For description see note on page 130

Mr. Abraham, Warden of the King Hostel, Madras, writes:

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

At our Hostel Prayers last night we remembered specially our late friend and well-wisher Doctor Downie, and after we had sung that hymn "For All the Saints" the following message was read out, all members standing.

The Residents of King Hostel received news of the sad demise of Doctor Downie with deep regret, and desire to convey their heartfelt feelings of sympathy and condolence to Mrs. Downie and family. They also wish to give expression to their deep sense of appreciation of all that Doctor Downie has meant to the Hostel collectively and to such of the members as have had the good fortune to know him individually. They would assure Mrs. Downie that the name of her late husband is one which is permanent in the build and fabric of the Hostel. The Residents further believe that the work of the Lord which Doctor Downie carried on under great physical strain in India has now given him the sweet repose which he so richly deserved. That this be the solace and encouragement of Mrs. Downie and her family in their bereavement is the prayer of the members of King Hostel, Vepery, Madras.

With our kind regards,

Very sincerely,

BALRAG [the Indian name].

IV

LETTERS FROM FRIENDS MADE IN INDIA

From the time we began to visit Coonoor on the Nilgiri Hills in South India—we began to make many friends—among the oldest and dearest was the Stanes family. Sir Robert is the only one living now, and the friendship with him and a loved brother that died, goes back with us for half a century. The family has done much for the Anglo-Indian children, boys and girls. He was one of the Committee of the Hebron school for missionaries' children and did much for them through the years it has been in existence. Sir Robert writes:

THE LODGE, COONOOR,
26-7-27.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Two or three days ago we heard of your dear husband's Home Call. It was a great sorrow to us all, especially to me, but for the dear one, it is fulness of joy, and we just praise God for the sweet savor of his life which he has left behind.

Yesterday I received his welcome letter of the 18th of June. A voice from the dead, and yet not dead, but alive for evermore.

We all praise God for his goodness in bringing you both safely to the end of your long journey and in giving you a little time with your loved ones.

Thus you are not left lonely, but with those who will care for you. We do sympathize with you in your loss (but his gain), but the Lord will comfort you and it won't be long before we join our dear ones up higher.

Now dear Mrs. Downie, we do feel very much for you in your sorrow, and pray for you.

God bless you all,

ROBERT STANES.

GREYSTONES, IRELAND,
AUGUST 19, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We have received the sad news that our dear old friend has gone from us to his eternal reward. I do send you my deepest sympathy and pray that our heavenly Father will make himself very real to you these days. Dear old Doctor Downie was one for whom I always had the greatest love and respect. He had run such a long and useful course, and we consider it a great privilege that we had you with us for those days in England just at the close of his wonderful life of service for his Master and for others. We shall never forget his cheery way and fund of anecdotes, and with it that depth of character which was an inspiration to me always. He marked in my Bible 1 John 5: 13, " that we may be *quite sure* that ye have eternal life " and that marking will always be a reminder of him to me. With my prayerful and affectionate sympathy,

FRED J. STANES.

THE LODGE, COONOOR,
SEPTEMBER 6, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We have often thought and spoken together of you, and last week Mrs. Ward let us see your letter and Doctor Downie's last one to Mr. Ward, and then your news of his home call. How you must be missing him after these many years together, but we are glad he was spared the much dreaded partings there must have been if he had known he was dying, and so little pain. It is hard to believe he is really gone —but we knew we should never see him again once he left Coonoor, and it seems to be more and more certain that only a little time can pass before we meet up above with him and so many other dear ones we love. May we all be as ready as he was for the call. I feel sure you will be glad to know of the little memorial service here on Sunday, July 31. Mr. Sarber opened as usual, and then asked Father and Mr. Ward to say a few words on their remembrance of him. Father recalled his early acquaintance of Doctor Downie and the long friendship, and especially his love of talking of the second coming once he believed in it, and then Mr. Ward spoke rather at length and very lovingly of him. Mr. Sarber closed with the thought that Doctor Downie had once said that he was Doctor Downie's "legacy to Coonoor."

It is good to think of you now with Alice and her family and not alone out here, and we are so full of praise that you were permitted that long journey with him safely to the end, and then those very

happy weeks together before he was taken. Margaret writing from home said she had heard from Mrs. Grose about it; they both felt so glad they had had you stay with them at Easter and so were able to see him again.

Now our prayer for you is that God will be with you and help you in all the days to come.

We are so glad you are enjoying the Sunday services and all the helpful addresses.

Mr. Sarber over here is still going strong; he now has the chaplaincy of the Nonconformist soldiers at Wellington, and I think he enjoys that, as well as the work at the Cordite Factory.

I must stop now. Very much love, dear Mrs. Downie, from

Yours affectionately,

EVA STANES.

ST. HILDA'S, COONOOR,
JULY 31, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We were so pleased to receive your letter from England telling of your journeyings so far and of the goodness of the Lord in undertaking for you. Now has come the news that the parting has come for you; we do so deeply sympathize with you in all that this must mean to you on the human side, but as dear Mr. Ward said in a memorial service that was held at the Union Church this morning for your dear one, " There is a little widow on the other side of the world who will be comforting herself in the words of 1 Thessalonians 4: 13-18 "; the knowledge

that the parting is only "till He come," and that that may take place any day and terminate the separation is the greatest comfort, isn't it? And then we know that as your first thought had ever been to arrange for Doctor Downie's comfort and well-being, now he is experiencing the "far better" "with Christ" it will be given to you to enter into and in some measure to share his joy. It usually seems in contemplating the close of a life so rich in years and service for the Master, and his entrance into that dear Master's presence, that the sense of triumph and joy outweighs that of sorrow and loss, and I do pray that in your case it may be even so. At the service this morning you will be interested to hear what took place. The hymns were 341, 357, 403, and 503 in *Consecration and Faith.* The portions read were Psalm 8 and 2 Timothy 3: 14 to 4: 8.

Sir Robert spoke first for a few minutes on Doctor Downie as a missionary and as a friend, and emphasized his constant loyalty to the word of God, his one message being "Jesus Christ and Him Crucified," and his great hope the coming of the Lord. He was to have been followed by both Mr. Ward and Mr. Sarber if there had been time, but Mr. Ward spoke at some length out of a full heart, so Mr. Sarber reserved the greater part of what he had to say for another time. Mr. Ward spoke on Doctor Downie as a Christian, an earnest Christian, a missionary Christian, a happy Christian, a hopeful Christian, enlarging on each point and applying especially to the young people present, though he ended with a solemn exhortation to all to see to it that they were not "saved so as by fire" but had the

" abundant entrance " into the presence of the Lord, words which he felt Doctor Downie would himself have spoken had he been there.

The prayers were offered by Mr. Ward and Mr. Sarber, and so a service that we trust may prove fruitful in many lives ended.

Praying that our Father's own special comfort and love may be abundantly realized, and with love in which Miss Oxley joins,

Yours affectionately,

ADA VINEY.

Living next to us in Coonoor were our dear friends the Macraes who like ourselves were retired missionaries. We had many good times together until Mr. Macrae was called to the Heavenly Home. Then Mrs. Macrae went back to Scotland.

EDINBURGH, SEPTEMBER 1, 1927.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

The letter telling that dear Doctor Downie has been called away to join the number of the Redeemed, I got last week just after I had returned from some visits in the South of England. I know how much you will miss him! No one on earth can make up the loss of a long life companion and dear husband. But you and I know the one who " sticketh closer than a brother " and that makes such a difference. I am so glad he was spared a long illness and time of weakness. God in His love spared him that trial. It was touching—his desire to see David.

He will have seen the dear boy now and many other dear ones. We too will join them all soon. How Doctor Downie looked forward to our Lord's return! Should He come soon now he will return with Him. "The dead in Christ shall rise first." I hope you keep well although naturally our strength lessens a little as we get on.

Now my very dear friend I must close. What can I say more? You have my love and we hope to meet some day on the other side where all is love and joy and our dear Saviour is there.

Yours very lovingly,

JESSIE MACRAE.

Not far away were another retired missionary couple with whom we had most delightful fellowship. Mr. Ward and Mr. Downie had many beautiful talks about the Kingdom and the Second Coming of Christ.

SILVERDALE, COONOOR,
JULY 25, 1927.

MY DEAR, DEAR FRIEND:

It was a real surprise and shock to read in the *Madras Mail* of Friday last of the sudden home call of your dear husband. After hearing from you just a fortnight ago and hearing you had got over your long journey so nicely we were hoping you were both going to enjoy a little while together at home. How true it is, God's ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts, but they must be always right. But oh, we think of you, dear one,

left after so long a journey together, but I am so glad you are with your dear Alice and the children; they will be a great comfort to you, and you will comfort each other, and the Lord will comfort you all. Those precious words come to me which the Lord Jesus spoke to his disciples just before leaving them, "I will not leave you comfortless, I will come to you"; and I am quite sure the Lord has come to you in your hour of deep sorrow. I am sure many in this land as well as in your own land are remembering you and upholding you in prayer. You will be sorry to hear that my dear husband is becoming blind. He is hardly able to sign his name now. It seemed to come on so suddenly, and the doctors can do nothing for him, and though he has had to give up the work he used to do, to his great sorrow, you never hear a murmur. But I am thankful to say he is quite well otherwise. Excuse a short letter. I cannot write more, but oh, my heart sobs for you, dear friend, after such a long life of companionship. I am sure you would not wish him back, but perhaps the time will not be long when we shall go to him, and we can cheer one another with this blessed hope, that of the coming again of our beloved Lord. Much love from us both, and much love also to dear Alice. I am sure you are just where you would be, for I know the sympathy and care you will have. We will constantly remember you.

Ever your loving friend,

M. A. L. Ward.

SILVERDALE, COONOOR,
SEPTEMBER 6, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

This your birthday, and I am doing my best to send my good wishes. God is love, love, love. His way is perfect. He turns loss into gain. He closes eyes on earth and opens them on Heaven. And above on Him. My love to the Stengers.

Yours in sorrow and joy,

R. J. WARD.

Mr. and Mrs. Sarber are the parents of our own Olive Sarber. They came out to visit their daughter and decided to stay out for the two years remaining until her furlough is due. Mr. Downie persuaded Mr. Sarber to take charge of The Union Church in Coonoor until he was ready to return to America.

THE MANSE, COONOOR, NILGIRIS.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Word has reached us of the homegoing of your dear husband, and our hearts are saddened by your loss and ours, even while we are rejoicing with him that his eyes see the King in His beauty, every earthly limitation and frailty forever past.

Frequently in my morning walks I go through the "God's Acre" of the church, and I always choose the path which passes your little Elsie's resting-place, and pause there a moment to think of her long happy years in her Saviour's presence, and of her dear Mother's long years of heart hunger for

her, and for the lovely Annie who, I suppose, was buried in Nellore. A day or two ago as I paused in the churchyard, I thought of the happy meeting of the father and his two girls, and realized that now half of the family is over there.

The girls who are left in this world, and the dear children in the home where you are living will be your earthly stay during the remainder of your pilgrimage, but oh, how *alone* your spirit will be, how much of the way no one can walk with you but the One who has borne and still bears our griefs and carries our sorrows. It is not to be borne all at once. Just a day at a time is our portion, and we have the sure promise, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," and over and over during the long years of our lives we have proven it.

Mr. Sarber and I have been thinking much of his having been called Doctor Downie's legacy to this church, and are daily praying that the Lord will make us the worthy legacy of so good a man.

I was in the Royal Bakery the day the word came to us, and the proprietor, learning who I was, expressed his sorrow over the news which he too had just learned.

He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him. Only the last great day will reveal what he and you have done for India and the Kingdom.

Will you please accept our most loving sympathy, and the assurance that we are remembering you in our prayers—and don't feel that you must answer this note. It is heart-breaking work, I know, for I have been there.

We shall hear of you through others and shall

always have a very warm place in our hearts for you.

Lovingly yours,

MARY A. SARBER.

Doctor and Mrs. Lew Scudder of the Arcot Mission have been friends of ours for many years, and we think a great deal of them as we do of all that wonderful family.

It was a great joy to us both that Doctor and Mrs. Lew should buy our dear little home in Coonoor.

VELLORE, NORTH ARCOT,
SOUTH INDIA, JULY 28, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We heard with sorrow of the death of your dear husband. We know how you will miss his dear presence. Although he had reached a good age, far beyond his threescore and ten, still he was so keenly interested in life and all that was going on. With those who have lost interest in life and are physically suffering it is so different, we are glad for their release, and they too long to go. Doctor Downie seemed to still enjoy life, and he made it more joyful for others.

We rejoice that he lived to take that long, long, journey to the United States with you, and that he must have had a month, surely a very happy month, in Alice's home. What a joy to both you and them.

We have not heard any details yet of course. I hope he did not have a painful leave-taking. We will wait eagerly to hear.

Please give my love and deepest sympathy to Alice.

Ever with much love to yourself, from

ETHEL SCUDDER.

BROOKSIDE, BARLOW'S ROAD,
COONOOR, S. INDIA, JULY 24, 1927.

MY DEAR MOTHER DOWNIE:

Our hearts were filled with sorrow for you on Friday evening at the prayer-meeting when Mr. Sarber said he had just come from the Lodge and Sir Robert had heard that your loved one, and ours too, had passed over to the Homeland. We send you a double share of our love and sympathy, and pray the dear Lord to encircle you in His loving arms and bring comfort to your lonely heart as He only can do. Our prayers went up for you and your dear ones on Friday night.

We were so glad to get your kind letter last Sunday and to know you were safe with your dear ones at Pasadena; the Lord was good to take you both there safely, but we had hoped you both would have been spared a little longer to enjoy the companionship of your dear ones; still the Lord knows best; and your dear one would be happier to go Home knowing you were with your own who will love and care for you. I have passed your letter to Mrs. Carroll, and I have promised to let Miss Eva Stanes have it, also Mr. Sarber. I will write no more now; with our united best love and deepest sympathies.

From the two girls, at Coonoor,

AMY AND ANNIE FOOKS.

When our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Levering, retired from active missionary work, they settled at Kotagiri, a town twelve miles away from Coonoor. We had many happy times visiting back and forth.

LEFFRIC, KOTAGIRI,
AUGUST 31, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Your good letter came on Sunday telling me of the homegoing of your dear husband, and we were deeply interested in all. I am sure it was the way he would have chosen and now he is with his Lord. Oh, it is good to be with his Saviour whom he loved and trusted. Yes, and longed for. I trust you will have a good rest, as you surely need it after all you have gone through. The long anxious trip home, and the care, and then the last day, which was hard on you all, but after it comes rest and you must rest.

I wrote Minnie at once, when I read in the *Madras Mail* of Doctor Downie's homegoing. Well, I think we won't any of us wait long for Christ to come.

A heart full of love from us both.

IDA F. LEVERING.

FAIRLIGHT, COONOOR,
JULY 22, 1927.

MY DEAREST MRS. DOWNIE:

We have just seen the announcement in the *Mail.* I want you to know I am thinking of you and praying for you. I am so thankful that you are in your own land, and I hope with dear Alice, who must be a comfort to you, for she too, dear child, has gone

through bitter sorrow, and knows what it is to give up one she loved more than herself. God bless you, dear friend, and give you strength and courage to face these days. With a heart full of love and sympathy from us, I am,

Your old friend,

CATHERINE A. MARJORIBANKS.

V

FROM MISSIONARY FRIENDS NOW RETIRED

"Till Death"

"Till death us part"—
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom:
Through blessing and through curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till death us join—
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime:
Through lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite all change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever,
Till, through the only good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

—*Dean Stanley.*

This beautiful poem by Dean Stanley was sent me by Mrs. Loughbridge who in the early years of our

mission life was with her husband on the Ongole field. They tried hard to stay in the work, but her health demanded a return to America and continued stay there. She and I with Mrs. MacLaurin and Mrs. Burditt are the only ones left of the missionaries of our first term.

SALEM, OREGON, AUGUST 17, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

I learn from the last *Baptist* that Doctor Downie has gone home. I well know your heart hunger and loss of the companionship you have had for more than fifty years.

The truest friends cannot supply it nor the most devoted children. But God knows all about it, and he only can give us grace and strength.

"As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even forever." Nothing can come to us which does not first pass him. Let us thank him for the past and look forward to the future.

Dean Stanley wrote a little poem after the death of his wife, and I enclose a copy of it. It has given me some pleasant thoughts and I hope it may bring some to you.

The time cannot be very long, my friend, either for you or me, until we shall be among the throng of the redeemed and abide in the presence of our Lord forever. You are 79, and I am 80, both of us well beyond the threescore and ten. I try to live as if there were many years before me yet, and do whatever work comes to me day by day, yet be ready

to go whenever the Master wills it so. I am ready to go and would welcome the day, but my constant prayer is "Thy will be done" not mine, except as his will is mine.

I am glad Doctor Downie did not suffer long, just passed through the open door from strength of this life into strength of life eternal.

I received and enjoyed your letter of March, 1926, and have not replied because not able to do so. My nerves are badly shattered, and writing letters is a great strain on them. I limit myself to one letter a week, and it takes a long time to get around. I have letters two years old still waiting.

Now good-bye, with love and all good hope.

Very cordially,

ELIZABETH G. LOUGHBRIDGE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 29, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

I have just returned from spending the afternoon at Mrs. Strong's and learned while there that the call has come and my old friend has gone home. Life is poorer, the prospect of Heaven is richer. Your own heart is desolate and lonely. I know how lonely.

God has been very good in letting you reach the homeland and permitting him to see the dear ones, though it means even more to them than to him. He has entered into the joy of his Lord.

When you can write I shall be so glad to know what you can tell me of his last days.

How are you? I hope you are reasonably well. Give my love to Alice and family.

Your sister Jennie and I corresponded for awhile, but I have not heard from her in some time. My illness this past year shut out correspondence for awhile. I am now, however, much better, but the old vigor is lessened, but goodness and mercy have followed me all the way and will to the end.

Much sympathy and love from,

Your long-time friend,

JENNIE W. PHINNEY.

CHICAGO, ILL., AUGUST 6, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

A few days ago on my return from the Minnesota Baptist Summer Assembly at Mound, Minn., where I gave a course of lectures on the subject of "What Jesus Taught" I had the first intimation of Doctor Downie's translation, and today I see the fuller details by Dr. J. C. Robbins in the *Watchman-Examiner*. Although this news was not unexpected, it came sooner than we anticipated, and it leaves a perceptible void in my heart and life. You know what good and intimate friends we became from the first day we met in India and how our love and friendship have continued throughout these thirty-eight years. I was intending to write him after my return from Minnesota, but that is no longer necessary. He has greater joys now in the presence of the Master whom he loved so intensely, served so faithfully and efficiently all these years, and whom he longed so ardently to see "face to face."

Doctor Downie was prepared not only for his translation to, but for his coronation in, the homeland. How your daughters Elsie and Annie, David Stenger, and all the other loved ones with his many friends above must have waited for the portals of the Heavenly City to swing open to let your beloved husband and our dearest friend enter in! But I imagine that Doctor Downie's first and supremest joy was to see his Master face to face. I almost envy him this joy, for the older I grow the more I long to go to the homeland above.

Please convey my heartfelt sympathy to Alice, Jesse Stenger, and their family and remember me kindly to Father Stenger.

In Christian sympathy and love,

Cordially yours,

J. HEINRICHS.

WAYNE, PA., AUGUST 2, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

You will be having so many letters these days, that I shall not think of writing all that is in my heart. I was going to send birthday greetings to Doctor Downie, for our birthdays were the same, but he celebrated his in heaven, with the Saviour he loved so well, and the dear ones he longed to see.

What a glorious life, and how thankful we all are that he was spared so long, and as Will Boggs says, who is here just now, and who had not heard until he came here, "He went out in the sunlight" in glory to the end.

We were glad to get Miss Brunner's beautiful account of the funeral. How much you, and we all, have to be thankful for. We were sorry not to see you here. I have not seen Mrs. A. J. Rowland yet. I wrote her, but had no reply. We send our love and sympathy to you all.

Very sincerely yours,

WILBER T. ELMORE.

WAYNE, PA.

MY DEAREST MRS. DOWNIE:

We received a marvelous letter from Genevra; our hearts fairly stopped beating at the thought of our dear Doctor Downie being really in His presence at last! He has said, "Glory, Hallelujah," many times I know. Triumphant entrance into the City of God! It is thrilling and inspiring to think of it all. You must miss him cruelly, but I know his joy must be your solid comfort even in your loneliness.

We were so sorry you did not go to California via Wayne. The joy with Annie and David and so many others must make his cup full and overflowing. Such a glorious welcome awaits you and all yours.

Our hearts are with you and Alice and Minnie these days. May the God of all comfort be very near.

Yours with great love and affection,

MAUD ELMORE.

CIRES, CALIFORNIA,
AUGUST 10, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

It was just this morning as I picked up this week's *Watchman-Examiner* I found that Doctor Downie had passed away to the Heavenly Home, and even my last letter was too late. I am sorry now I hadn't written long before. I had hoped that his illness and tiredness would give way before our lovely California climate, and that he would be his old self again in a few months of rest. But God knew best, and now he is rested and with little David Stenger and your lovely daughters in the presence of God, our Father. One cannot mourn for him, Ma Downie, for it was the triumphant close of a triumphant life. Doctor Robbins has a beautiful "appreciation" in the *Watchman,* but it is true, every bit, of Doctor Downie's life. Now he is with the Saviour whose coming he so longed for and looked for. He had done a great and good work in our Telugu field and has entered into his reward. We will miss his counsel and wisdom especially in the mission work in India, for even though you two had retired in Coonoor, yet your words of counsel and advice helped the work of the rest of us just the same as when you were actively in the work yourselves.

I am glad for my part that I had the privilege of knowing him a few years. It will be a precious memory to me. My parents join with me in sending you and Alice and Doctor Jesse our heartfelt sympathy in your loss. It will be hard for you who have been so close to him to have him gone, but it is

only for a little while and you will meet him again for eternity. Your loss is the loss of all who knew him. May the heavenly Father comfort you. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." With much love to Alice and to you, best regards to Doctor Stenger.

Sincerely,

ELBERTA CHUTE TUPPER.

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA,
JULY 23, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE AND ALICE:

The news of dear Doctor Downie's homegoing came to me yesterday afternoon through Doctor Breed, and I hasten to express to you my sympathy in your loss. How you will all miss the genial presence from your little home.

I've been thanking our kind loving Father above for his tender generous ways with his children. This day of trial seems to have been made just as easy as possible for you, his dearest ones. Safely sheltered in that dear home nest, the "lap of love," he quietly passed from you all leaving his faithful companion of so many, many years in the one spot of earth I have no doubt where she could most easily bear it, and where you all have had weeks of happy home life together. I am so thankful that he didn't leave you, my dear friend, anywhere on the journey home, so thankful for the loving care over you all the way. And I am really grateful too for the privilege granted me of that delightful day with you all in Pasadena, July 4th.

What must it be to him! I feel as Mrs. Safford wrote me after hearing of my father's death, many years ago. She said, "How I do rejoice with every dear saint who gets safely home, to the Heavenly Home." So do I rejoice with dear Doctor Downie in his new joys, being with the Saviour, and the many loved ones gone before.

Think of stepping on shore and finding it Heaven!
Of taking hold of a hand and finding it God's hand;
Of breathing a new air and finding it celestial air;
Of feeling invigorated and finding it immortality;
Of passing from storm and tempest to an unknown calm;
Of waking up and finding it HOME!

It won't be long till some at least of us will follow, and join him in that Home of the Blessed, to be "forever with the Lord" whom we love supremely. May His comforts be with you at this time, in abundant measure!

Yours very lovingly,

FLORA E. BOGGS.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

I saw in the papers and program last May that you and Doctor Downie were to be in Chicago. I looked forward to seeing you two more than to anything else at the Convention. When I found you had gone on to California I was almost sick with disappointment, for I felt that I would not see him again on earth.

Hopkins most kindly sent me the notes he took at the funeral service. I wish I could have been there.

He lived a long life, a full life, a useful life, an honored life. What a heritage to pass on to his children and his children's children—by far a richer heritage than one consisting of stocks and bonds.

You and he have always held a very warm place in my heart. There was never a single day in India, after I got to know him, but what I felt that I had in Doctor Downie a true friend. While he and I used to have some royal rows over the *Missionary Review*—and I am not sure which of us enjoyed them most—yet there was not a time that I would have hesitated to go to him if I needed the help or advice of a friend. Hadly, Downie, MacLaurin and Guernsey, four of the men I most loved in India—all gone home. What riches heaven has in store for us!

I am not sending you a letter of sympathy in the usual meaning of the term. Rather I am rejoicing with you in his wonderful past and his more glorious present and future.

I am, as ever,

T. P. DUDLEY.

This very unexpected loving tribute from that heroic worker in Assam has meant much to us, and we thank him here for it.

HILLSIDE, SHILLONG, ASSAM, INDIA,
AUGUST 17, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

The word has just reached me that Doctor Downie has passed away. I am so sorry. I did love him, and

his writings in the *Baptist Missionary Review* always did me so much good, and rejoiced my heart. Also I remember you both, in Gauhati, at our Assam Baptist Missionary Conference.

I pray for help and guidance from the Saviour for you all.

JOHN FIRTH.

VI

FROM THE MISSIONARIES IN THE TELUGU MISSION

And now last but not least come our dear friends and colaborers, the missionaries of the Telugu Mission in South India, many of whom lovingly called us Pa and Ma Downie.

MRS. D. DOWNIE,
MRS. J. W. STENGER:

Dear Mrs. Downie:

This will notify you that at the meeting of the Reference Committee held at Ongole, August 23-26, 1927, action was taken as follows:

Case 84/27: Death of Doctor Downie: Read letter from Doctor Downie to Doctor Bawden dated June 29, 1927, which must have been one of his latest letters to India, and which was in his usual cheerful vein and indicated his keen interest in all the work of the Telugu Mission.

Voted: That the Secretary express on behalf of this Committee and of the whole South India Mission to Mrs. Downie and to the Stengers both in India and America our deep sympathy with them in this loss, which even though anticipated as inevitable, is yet a sad one for us all when we remember that we shall see his face no more on earth.

But we rejoice with you that he has indeed gone home in triumph to be with the Lord whom he loved and honored through a long and useful life. We shall continue to remember especially dear Mrs. Downie in our prayers that she may have always the comfort from on high.

Yours very sincerely,

S. D. BAWDEN,
Secretary.

AUGUST 7, 1927.

MY DEAR MA DOWNIE:

One of the first things we heard on landing yesterday was that Doctor Downie had gone home.

Our hearts went out to you in deep sympathy for the loneliness and loss—but in great rejoicing to the Father that he was spared all that he dreaded so in the going: that his desire to see Alice and the children once more was granted, and that he went so quietly and peacefully with no long, lingering illness!

We who love him cannot but rejoice at the way he went and that now he is with the Saviour whom he loved so well.

Many of us felt that he would not linger long after he got to America, and since his heart's desire was satisfied it is better so.

He was always ready with helpful suggestions and from the time that he first met us in Madras, nearly thirty-two years ago, we have always counted him as a dear friend. He always stood by Will in the hard times and was always helpful in words of

advice and good counsel. I can never forget what a good friend he has been when things were very difficult, and how his loyal friendship for Will has helped in Conference when things were hard. One less good friend here, one more over there!

ADA FERGUSON.

AUGUST 7, 1927.

MY DEAR "MA D":

I write just a few words in addition to what Ada has said to let you know how deeply I sympathize with you in the loss your husband's homegoing makes you feel. After much more than a half century together, it cannot be other than a strange emptiness for you without him, and yet I know how joy wells up in the midst of it all, the joy of the Lord, which is your strength, when you think of the long and useful life of your dear one, of his triumphant hope in Christ and of his peaceful exit into the great beyond to be with Him. I am glad that Doctor Downie (with yourself) reached America safely and had his heart's desire fulfilled. You know how reluctant I was to see him leave India, for I feared he might never live to reach California, and that if he did, conditions in America would have so changed as to cause him much distress. I could not be enthusiastic about his leaving the rest, quiet, and comfort of Coonoor and dropping down into the rush of American life and the times which are so much "out of joint." But as events have proved, the course pursued turned out all right, and his end was beauty and peace.

What Doctor Downie was to me personally, you probably know better than any other aside from Ada. From our first meeting in Madras in 1895, right on through the years, we have been friends, not invariably agreeing it is true, but having a friendship strong and elastic enough to cover or stretch around every circumstance and to keep us in close bonds. He was true in every crisis and was wise in his counsel. I always felt that he stood for progress and the best things in the Mission. That he, so many years my senior in age and in service, should have "taken" to me and been so much of a "chum" was ever a marvel to me. For all that he was, and for all that he did in helping forward the work of the Mission we must all give thanks. And for what he gave of himself to me and mine in love and fellowship I shall not cease to be grateful.

Yours in the great service,

WILL (W. L. FERGUSON).

A BUILDER OF FOUNDATIONS

Samuel Day and Lyman Jewett were explorers and pioneers. David Downie followed them as a builder of foundations. Born in Scotland and educated in America he brought into the missionary enterprise rare sanity, practical wisdom, and wholesome influence. Doctor Downie arrived in Nellore on December 10, 1873. He was accompanied by Mrs. Downie who was to be indeed a helpmeet for him through more than a half century of mutual endeavor in Christian service. On January 1, 1874,

Doctor Downie took over from Doctor Jewett the charge of the Nellore Mission station.

As a builder of foundations Doctor Downie's first thought always was evangelism. In his history of the Telugu Mission, *The Lone Star,* the first achievement recorded of himself is evangelism. The second is the building of a church, the first permanent structure to be used as a Baptist meeting-house in South India. The corner-stone was laid on December 29, 1879. It remains today, one of the largest meeting-houses in the Telugu country. The next and logical step was in making permanent provision for Christian education. This took the form of a school for girls, completed in 1886 without help from the society. The school had a threefold object: the giving of Bible training to women evangelists, normal training to teachers, and industrial training. This was indeed laying foundations upon which much building has been done in later years both in Nellore and other parts of the Telugu Mission.

The beginning of medical work in Nellore in 1890 was an enterprise of the Women's Society, but Doctor and Mrs. Downie had no small part in encouraging and guiding the work.

In the year 1902 Chambers Memorial Hall was opened in a central place in the town. This Hall was dedicated to the preaching of the gospel in English to the rapidly increasing number who could thus effectually be reached. In 1904 the Boys' High School of the Free Church Mission was taken over to become later The Coles-Ackerman Memorial High School. In the same year the Women's Society opened a High School for girls.

Ten days before the 42nd anniversary of their arrival in Nellore, Doctor and Mrs. Downie handed over the charge of Nellore to Rev. and Mrs. Charles Rutherford. Though they went into semi-retirement the society recognized Doctor Downie's exceptional career by according him the designation of active service to the end of his life. This was fitting as his activity did not cease. His writing was prolific. In 1924 was published his history of the Telugu Mission referred to above. Doctor Downie also gave himself to labor in prayer which he felt to be as practical as any service of his life.

Doctor and Mrs. Downie were privileged to celebrate in Nellore both their golden wedding and the golden jubilee of their missionary service. Doctor Downie never ceased to look for the glorious appearing of the Lord. To the end he cherished the hope that he might be among those who should be alive at His coming.

Doctor Downie laid broad foundations, well consolidated. It is for us who follow him to build wisely that the church of Christ may stand in India four-square to every storm, strong in faith, wisdom and good work.

He fought the good fight, he finished his course, he kept the faith. Today he wears the crown as one who loved Christ's appearing.

Doctor Downie is survived by two daughters who have succeeded him in the service of the Telugu Mission; Mrs. Minnie Downie Stenger of Madras and Mrs. Alice Downie Stenger at present on furlough. Mrs. Downie is with her daughter Alice.

In their bereavement they have the deepest sympathy of their fellow missionaries and friends.

FRANK P. MANLEY,
Nellore.

NELLORE 31, 7, '27.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Through the message to Minnie we received the word that Doctor Downie had arrived "home" safe at last. How he has been looking forward for years to this wonderful time, and now his highest hopes have been realized. How we do rejoice with him! I am so glad that he did not have to suffer a long illness in anticipation to his going, for I know how he disliked the fact of death. When you started out on your long voyage home we all felt very anxious feeling that it was a great undertaking, but when word arrived that you had reached home we rejoiced. How beautiful it was that Doctor Downie could have that last little visit with all the grandchildren and with Alice. They will all cherish the memory, I am sure.

We know how his going will leave you very lonely as you have always been together, and your every thought has been for his comfort, and our thoughts have been very much of you, these days, but you know the source of comfort so well and realize the joy of fellowship with the Master so completely that after all there has been no real separation, and the knowledge of his victory, his final reception into the actual presence of the Christ overshadows all sorrow with such a great joy that only this joy can be

lasting. We are all very grateful that you reached Alice's home and that you are now with her in a country where it is so lovely. The Nellore station will always feel your absence so long as some of us are here, for we have always felt that you were a part of us even though not actually here.

Now, however, changes are rapidly taking place, and ere many years the whole personnel will have changed of those of us who were a happy family.

Lovingly,

FRANCES TENCATE.

NELLORE, AUGUST 27, 1927.

DEAR MOTHER DOWNIE:

I haven't written to you before since Doctor Downie went, but when Genevra's letter came today with the beautiful account of the funeral and speaking of you too, I felt that I wanted to write.

No one can know, I suppose, what your loneliness is, but when you think of him as beholding his Saviour face to face, you don't wish him back, I know, but only looking forward to the time when you can join him there.

Yesterday when I came home from Madras, I brought the framed picture of Doctor Downie which he left for us. We are going to hang it in the drawing-room, just opposite the entrance, to the right of the right-hand door into the dining-room. We are glad to have it in the room where you both received your friends for so many years. It is an ex-

cellent likeness, we all think, and the Indian friends too will be glad to see it in the Bungalow.

I hope that you are well, and know that you are happy to be with Alice and her family. Please remember me to them all.

With much love,

ELLA J. DRAPER.

NELLORE, SOUTH INDIA,
AUGUST 14, 1927.

DEAR MOTHER D:

If you could have caught all the messages I have wafted to you across space, you would know that I have thought of you many many times, and prayed for you every day.

I know you are lonely, but wasn't it just wonderful that God took dear Pa D so quickly to Himself, and now he is with Jesus in glory. Only one day's illness. I am so glad you are home with Alice and the children and so near to Rene. If my letter reached you, you have heard all about us here.

When I heard of Pa D's homegoing, I said to myself, Another dear one in heaven to await my coming. God keep you in his loving care, and I know that His promise "underneath are the everlasting arms" will mean much to you. With a heart full of love and sympathy,

Ever lovingly yours,

ANNIE MAGILTON.

ALLUR, NELLORE, SOUTH INDIA,
JULY 26, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Our thoughts have been much with you, since hearing a few days ago that dear Doctor Downie has passed on before us. It will be lonely we know for you, but surely it cannot now be long before our Lord's return to receive all His loved ones to Himself. We remember how Doctor Downie so desired to be alive at Christ's return, but after being so frail physically how he must now be enjoying the rest with the Lord.

Ever since the news came there has been an atmosphere of sadness in Allur among the older Christians. You and Doctor Downie were mother and father to them always. I noticed tears on many faces Sunday. I do hope you have a comfortable and happy abiding-place until He comes. I feel sure Alice and family will hold you most precious. Please give them our love.

Mr. Davis joins with me in sending our fond love and sympathy to you.

Your affectionate friend,

DELLA L. DAVIS.

KAVALI, JULY 27, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

I meant to have written the day we heard about Pa Downie's going home, but did not, and now I must catch this mail even though at the expense of brevity.

My heart goes out to you in the loneliness that is yours now with sad heart and empty hands, and yet I know you would not have me sorrow for him, for he is in the presence of the Master whom he loved. What a confidence that is to have!

I have never been able to sorrow for my own dear father's going, for he was ill and helpless, and his going was a relief to his weary body, but it left dear Mother to these many lonely years. And so with you.

But as with her, you have long years of glad service together to remember. In her last letter to me, speaking of our Dorothea's needing to wait two years for her marriage, Mother wrote: "I know all about the waiting. I—we waited four and one-half years, and lived together fifty-two years, a long happy life." And you and Pa Downie had longer than that together.

I can hardly realize that he is gone from us and that I shall have to wait till I too cross the river before I shall see him and father again. But I rejoice that you were both spared to reach Pasadena before he was called so that you had your dear ones around you for comfort. I feared that you might not be able to make the whole journey safely. But the Lord granted it to you.

And, now, dear old Ma Downie, I need not tell you how large a place you have in our hearts. May God's sweetest comfort and his daily guarding care be yours through the lonely days till he shall call you, too, rejoicing home.

Your little Indian boy,

SAM BAWDEN.

KAVALI, JULY 24, 1927.

DEAREST MAR DOWNIE:

I sent off a long letter to you on Wednesday and on Friday evening heard the sad news that Par had gone. In my letter are references to Par which will freshen your sorrow a bit, but you will understand that it was written before we knew. We haven't heard any particulars yet, just a part of a column in the *Madras Mail* giving a few details of his life in India. For Par I would like to sing the Hallelujah Chorus. For you I would like to sing "Show Me Thy Face" and have its calm and sweetness sink into your heart. I do hope you have been able to see His face constantly these days of sorrow and loneliness, and I know how implicitly you trust and how brave you are.

He has been such a care so long that you will find your release from that care almost unbearable at first. But with the dear children about you and all the interests of Alice's home and church life, your life will get adjusted, and I hope your life there will be calmly happy, and I know it will be helpful wherever you are.

Your letters have cheered and helped so many people that you must be cheered by the results. Keep up the good work.

Of course you were not surprised to have Par go away as you expected it might be at any time, but somehow however much we know a thing may happen it comes with a shock at last. God sustain you with His love is my prayer. I am so glad you were

able to reach Alice's and have a little time with them before Par went.

With love,

MINNIE BAWDEN.

TORONTO, ONTARIO,
AUGUST 27, 1927.

MY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Doctor Downie's last letter to me came here, and I shall treasure it. Of course I was much grieved at the news that came so soon after that he had passed to meet the King.

I think of the many, many years of close association with the Doctor, and I am so glad that this last letter is a compliment to my very brief address at the Northern Baptist Convention. I was about to thank him for it and to answer the questions he asked about the Rural Community Training School when I learned that so far as the Doctor is concerned there is no need of an answer.

You may not know it but I have always felt that if I were at any time in a difficult position needing advice on which I could depend, Doctor Downie would have been my adviser.

We will miss him *MUCH* in the Telugu Mission. His long years of participation in all branches of the mission fitted him for any task that might have been required of him.

Kindly accept of my sympathies and also please express to the members of your family the same.

We do not grieve as those who have no hope, but we rejoice in that we believe that the things held

dear by him were really the eternal things and we will be all the more confident in our faith because of him.

Thank God for Doctor Downie and for all that his presence in the Telugu Mission meant and will continue to mean to the Telugus.

Most sincerely yours,

GEORGE H. BROCK.

AUGUST 3, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

Last week while I was visiting the Elmores in Wayne, Pa., I learned for the first time of the home-going of dear Doctor Downie, and I must take time to write you a word before we sail next Friday evening for the East again.

I dare not say that we are sorry for his going. We are indeed deeply sympathetic with you in your loneliness, but it is only great joy for him. He served his generation and the two that came after, many long years, and he has gone home. He will only wait a short time before we shall be with him. I am thinking of some of those in whose companionship he now is. Whom "we have loved long since and lost awhile."

Doctor Downie was a tried, true friend. He stood by me and encouraged and helped me when I most needed such help, and I can never forget him.

We shall miss him greatly in India. Even after his days of more active service were over it was a pleasure and real joy to meet him and you in your

hospitable home, and to know that we had your friendship and could have his fatherly advice and wisdom for the asking. He occupied a large part in my life, and I am thankful for the privilege of coming into his life even as much as I did.

We bid you and the Stenger family good-bye. We are away day after tomorrow. Maud is staying with Lillian up-town and I am sure she would unite with me in love and deepest sympathy.

Your very sincerely,

W. E. Boggs,
At the head of the Theological Seminary in Ramapatnam, South India.

Theological Seminary,
Ramapatnam, July 26, 1927.

My Dear Mrs. Downie:

In last Friday's *Madras Mail,* we learned of Doctor Downie's death. Although at his age we could not but have been expecting it, yet when the news did come, it came as a shock. When I mentioned it in the prayer-meeting that evening, the exclamations which came from the congregation showed that they too had the shock. But it showed more than that, it showed the place Doctor Downie has had in our hearts. In my mind there are hosts of memories about him. Among them the most prominent are the conversations we have had about the Lord's second coming. How deeply he had studied and how earnestly he longed for the Master to come! "We that are alive shall not precede them that have fallen

asleep." The Lord has already given a foretaste of that great joy yet in store for us. We have no reason to complain but quietly to trust Him to call us or keep us.

In due time we also shall have blessed fellowship with the Lord and with the dear ones who have gone before and are now with Him.

Sincerely yours,

WHEELER BOGGESS.

RAMAPATNAM, SOUTH INDIA,
JULY 26, 1927.

MY DEAR "MA DOWNIE":

The *Madras Mail* last Friday brought us the news that at last our dear friend and veteran has met the Lord for whom he has been watching these many years. The first expression on our lips was "How splendid that he had reached home and had a month with the dear children and grandchildren." We only hope that he had been well enough to enjoy their company. We are not sad though we shall miss him. We said good-bye that night at Conference feeling that the call to higher service would come before we saw him again here on this earth, wishing only that he might have strength to reach the dear ones at home. We know that it must have been a great disappointment not to be able to attend the great Convention, but that might only have hastened the end. We shall wait with great interest the account of his last days and moments. We hope it was as he could have wished, to slip quietly away to be with the Lord. The companion of so many years has for a

time gone from your side. We are glad the dear children are there with you. We know that you do not need our condolence for you are upheld by the same hand that has taken him away. And you have the same joy and expectation in the Lord that he had. May the dear loving Father give you richly of His grace and strength to go on through the span of life yet allotted to you. We shall treasure the memory of the days you and he were with us.

With deep love and sympathy from us all,

As ever your "boy,"

WILL LONGLEY.

From Rev. J. M. Baker, Missionary, Ongole, Guntur District, India:

AUGUST 8, 1927.

DEAR MAR DOWNIE:

I feel very much the loss of my friend and brother; one with whom I have talked so many times and with whom I have had so many dealings during the past years. I saw the letter which you wrote Mrs. Boggs. It showed how cheerful he was up even to the last days. Your letter was dated June 29, 1927. I feel glad to think that he is safely over on the other side. He is now united with Annie, and he will have his new joys there. I do not feel for him, but I feel for those who are left behind. Nearly all your life has been so closely linked with his that you will be tremendously lonely. Probably you will be more lonely as time goes on but you have faced the probability of his going soon so long that I know you will be brave and even somewhat cheerful.

What a lovely thing it is for you to be with Alice and those dear children. It is just the combination which you need.

ONGOLE, SOUTH INDIA.

DEAR MA D:

I've been thinking of you a great many times lately and my sympathy has been going out to you all the time. I was so glad you could have the fine trip together and the lovely visit with friends and a short stay with Alice and Jesse before Pa D was called. We were all surprised at the message.

Last Sunday Mr. Saddhu had a real memorial service to Doctor Downie and spoke very lovingly of him.

Our hospital work is coming along very fine. I am so happy in it. Our doctor who was coming out while Doctor Boggs went on furlough has resigned, so we have no one. Doctor Holsted is due to go home in 1929 so I don't know what we will do. We have two good Indian doctors who are a fine help to the work. The woman is a daughter of Doctor Christian of Bapatla.

I hear that there are an awful lot of people going on furlough next year. I don't know what we will do. There won't be near enough missionaries to go around. I wish there would be several young couples coming to take up the work. We have a fine couple coming to Ongole; Mrs. Breasted is Doctor Wilder's daughter.

Here's heaps and heaps of love to you, Ma D. I do hope you like America and feel at home there.

Lovingly,

SIGRID JOHNSON.

ONGOLE, JULY 23, 1927.

DEAR "MAR" DOWNIE AND ALICE:

Gladys told me day before yesterday that they had seen in the paper about dear old "Par" Downie's going home. She said it happened in Pasadena—so I suppose he must just have continued the journey begun in India to the better land. How glad he must have been to lay down this body earth-worn by its ninety-year journey for the glories of the new life! And what a comfort it is for you all to know how unusually long and full a life he was permitted to live, and how many good influences live after him and loving thoughts follow him! He has left you a rich heritage.

It must have been hard for you all, Alice, to have to bid your loved one farewell so soon. My loving sympathy is with you and the others of the family at this time, and especially for dear Mar Downie. May the God of all mercies and Father of comfort richly bless you all.

With much love,

SUSAN ROBERTS.

WILLIAMSPORT, PA., JULY 27, 1927.

MY VERY DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We heard through the rooms at New York of Doctor Downie's homegoing, and our hearts go out in love and sympathy, and we are thankful you need not mourn as those without hope, and we are also thankful you have Christ who never leaves nor forsakes, and is a very present help in trouble. What a

precious Saviour and friend He is! We do not mourn for Doctor Downie, for he has fought a good fight and kept the faith and entered into the joy of the Lord, which is far better than the best earth can give; but we know after your long journey together you will miss him, and we are glad you are with Alice and her family. Surely the Lord was good to spare Doctor Downie's life until you reached your destination.

You and your daughters have our sympathy and prayers, and may the peace of God which passeth understanding be yours and a realizing sense of the Father's presence day by day!

With our united love and every good wish and may the dear Lord sustain and help and bless you all your remaining years. Am glad for the home trip we had together.

Your friend as always,

SUSIE SILLIMAN.

NEWTON CENTER, MASS.,
AUGUST 28, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We want to extend to you the heartfelt sympathies of the Rockwoods in your sorrow over the passing on of Doctor Downie. We cannot forget his jovial, generous friendship. His long career as a Christian is an inspiration to all who knew him.

May God strengthen and comfort you at this time, is the prayer of your friends, the Rockwoods.

Most sincerely yours,

B. ROCKWOOD.
MINNIE O. R.

GRANVILLE, OHIO, JULY 31, 1927.

DEAR MRS. DOWNIE:

We have just learned through Miss Brunner of Doctor Downie's death, and I can't tell you how grieved we are. I am glad you reached home to be with Alice and her family, and that Doctor Downie was able to enjoy the fellowship with his dear ones before being translated to his dear ones above. We know how he loved his Lord and how he must rejoice to meet him "face to face." I know you are comforted with this thought; and with the assurance that he is with his Lord "which is far better."

Please accept, both you and Alice, our sincere sympathy and love. I think all of us younger missionaries have felt the benediction of his presence at our Conferences, and yours too, and one thought has often been with me at Conference time, that we would surely miss you both from our Conference in years to come.

Please give our love and sympathy to Alice and family.

Lovingly yours,

ELIZABETH F. KURTZ.

VII

AN APPRECIATION

David Downie, D. D.

Many of us who have belonged to the family of "Par D," as Doctor Downie has been affectionately dubbed by his privileged friends, will want to have something to say in appreciation of the long life well lived, so I shall confine myself to reminiscences of personal associations which reveal the character.

It was through "Mar D's" visit to an associational meeting held in a small town in an Association where my husband held a dearly loved pastorate, that the final call to India came so loud and clear that "Will Owen" could resist no longer. October of that very year found us landing in Madras. The Lindula had anchored, and we were on deck watching the surf-boats as they came alongside with their howling crews fighting for precedence. Some of them swarming on deck caused me to turn and look at them more or less timidly. Ah! There was a white man striding briskly along, and they all made way for him. An athletic figure alert and eager and with an evident goal immediately before him. We had not expected any one to meet us on the ship, and so were suddenly shaken out of our unconcern when he stopped directly in front of us and asked, "Are you Mr. Owen?" "Well, I'm Downie, and glad to see you all, and here is Peter. Show him

your luggage while I see about a boat." All this during the handshaking. With us were Doctor Faye, now Mrs. Levering, and Miss Slade, now Mrs. Brock. There was a heartiness in his brief welcome, and as he gave some orders to Peter in Telugu and turned away, we all felt instinctively that we had stepped into just the place where we were wanted and also that amid the yelling savage mob of a strange shore we had been taken into efficient safe-keeping. He told us afterward that he was determined to be the first on board before any agents began to pester us.

It was no joke in those days to land in Madras on a bobbing surf-boat, with our lives depending at any moment through a long half hour on the skill and good-will of those noisy naked wild-looking boatmen, but a crisp word now and then in the unknown tongue from Doctor Downie whether it affected the boatmen or not certainly reassured my trembling heart. When we were safely landed and piloted with camphor on our handkerchiefs through the smelling bazaar, where we had been told cholera was raging, we found ourselves in a quiet compound, in a comfortable house, with meals provided, punka-pullers waiting, and every arrangement for our comfort. He had brought Miss Waite to Madras with him as well as servants and set up housekeeping in the mission rest-house, determined that nothing should be wanting to make the newcomers as comfortable as the climate and country would allow. Nothing was forgotten. We were to begin housekeeping in Nellore, and he and Miss Waite had prepared a list of our possible needs in the way of furniture

and supplies and took us around to buy, not without consulting our tastes but with expert advice, and all was done in the most matter-of-fact way, so that we hardly realized until afterward that we were being most adequately helped through what might otherwise have been a trying time. It was the same after we reached Nellore. As though we were his very own he had taken us into the family and made everything easy for us, and yet with no consciousness on his part that he had done anything at all. It was just his capacity to love generously without even knowing that he was exercising a virtue. As I look back now I know that there was also an unusual ability to understand others and their needs and to make life go smoothly for them. Certainly we were a very happy family during those first months in Nellore, and it is no wonder we were glad to call him "Par D" later on when intimacy had grown.

Years later when Doctor Downie had been on furlough and had returned with Mrs. Downie after we had spent a happy hot season together in Woodhouselee, my husband became very ill at Narasaravupet on the way to our station Bapatla, and Mr. Burditt and I decided that it must be typhoid fever (there were no doctors to decide). We wired to Nellore, and to Madras for a doctor. When Doctor Downie heard of it there was the same characteristic brevity of expression combined with the same directness and efficiency of action. A very short note from him made me feel his deep sympathy and concern, and the arrival of a big box of ice, difficult to get in those days, which he had ordered by wire from Madras and which perhaps saved the patient's life,

again emphasized his ability to sense the needs of others and to respond speedily in the most practical way. These qualities exercised in his mission work must have meant a world of satisfaction to those who were near him, and much good of which the recipients themselves were scarcely conscious because of the absolute absence of ostentation or effusion.

His sense of humor was a saving quality as it always is wherever it exists, but was sometimes exercised, though unwittingly, so I think, to the annoyance of his friends who did not like to be teased. When he found, however, that he had hurt some one's feelings, he usually tried to wipe out the effect by showing in some way his real liking for the person or by provoking a laugh of another sort, perhaps by a joke on himself. He really was very tenderhearted and did not like to have any one or anything suffer and his teasing propensity was reserved for those whom he really liked. It was an indication of his liking though not always understood. He could be sharp at times with those who were causing unnecessary trouble or discomfiture, for he had a strong and unspoiled sense of justice.

Another outstanding characteristic was the depth and absolute genuineness of his Christian faith. It is claimed by some today that our young people desire reality, as if the religious life of the passing generation did not involve realities. To know Doctor Downie intimately would I believe convince any sensible young person that whatever empty platitudes might constitute some people's religion there could be nothing in life more real and practical and

of more use in the affairs of an every-day world than such a faith as his.

To him God was as truly present and was as much a part of all his life and plans as any member of his family. I shall never forget one day with him and Mrs. Downie. It was before there was a railway between Coonoor and Ooty and within a year after the time when his daughter Annie had passed on. We three had taken a bullock coach for a trip up to Ooty and during the long hours on the slow-moving vehicle we were enjoying the beautiful scenery and the cool air, and having nothing particular to do naturally fell to talking of the things nearest our hearts. Doctor Downie had always been as fond of Annie as any affectionate father could be, and the separation had been correspondingly hard. Annie had been his companion on many a similar trip through those beautiful hills, and it was not without emotion that he fell to soliloquizing in a familiar way as to where his Annie might be and what she might be doing at that time. Reminiscences came easily of the things she used to do and say, the attitudes that formed her character, and the occupations she enjoyed. From these, and mingled with them, were thoughts on the Saviour she loved and loved to serve, and also on that Saviour's attitude toward various phases of human life, on the probable near approach of the end of this age, and our ultimate gathering together with Him and with those who have gone before. The conversation which sometimes drifted into discussion and sometimes into the expression of vague fancies, was informal and free from restraint as an intimate acquaintance and a

leisurely occasion may rarely encourage. What is unforgettable was the consciousness of a divine presence soothing the natural sorrow and inspiring the precious hope of a possible early reunion, and the assurance that all was well with the loved one gone, and that sooner or later a joyful reunion was bound to come. This is no religious cant but the genuine outpouring from a full heart under the control of a thoughtful mind. The real heart life was expressing its natural reflections based on systematic and thoughtful study of the little that may be known at present of the spirit life which is eternal.

Doctor Downie was an enthusiastic premillennialist. He had been as strongly in opposition to that doctrine when he first heard of it, but by long and careful study he had arrived at his later belief, and it became a part of his life, filling him with joy and hope. The reality of the God he believed in and who seemed to be with us that afternoon, and the reality of the life eternal which he already possessed and was conscious of, made him ready even at that time to meet calmly and joyously the change which we call death, if that should come, or to live in the daily consciousness of eternal power within. What more real and what more worth while than such a faith consciousness!

We who love him miss for the present his practical ministrations and his delightful companionship, but we look forward to another warm handclasp in the not-distant future which shall express the same warm true nature, the same God consciousness only more complete.

ELIZABETH P. OWEN.

We have been able only to select a very few of the many letters that have come to us since our dear one left us—but we thank all the dear friends who have remembered us in their prayers and trust those prayers will be continued to help us during the time the Lord may have work for us to do here. On behalf of the family,

ANNIE H. DOWNIE.

Date Due

OCT 25 1985

CENTRAL BAPTIST THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
0 0021 0010387 4

922.6548
D751 Downie, David
From the mill to the mission
field.

43575